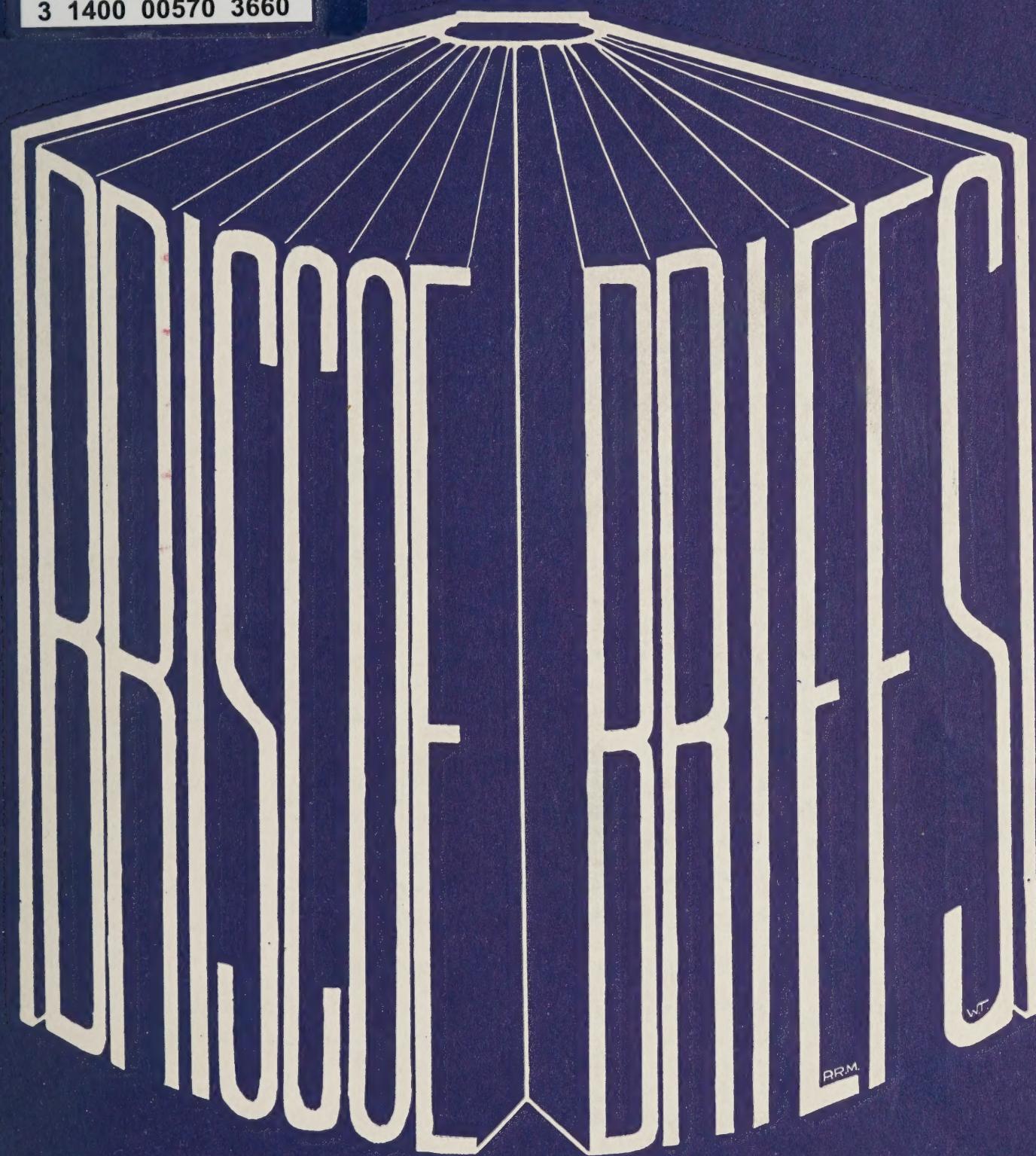


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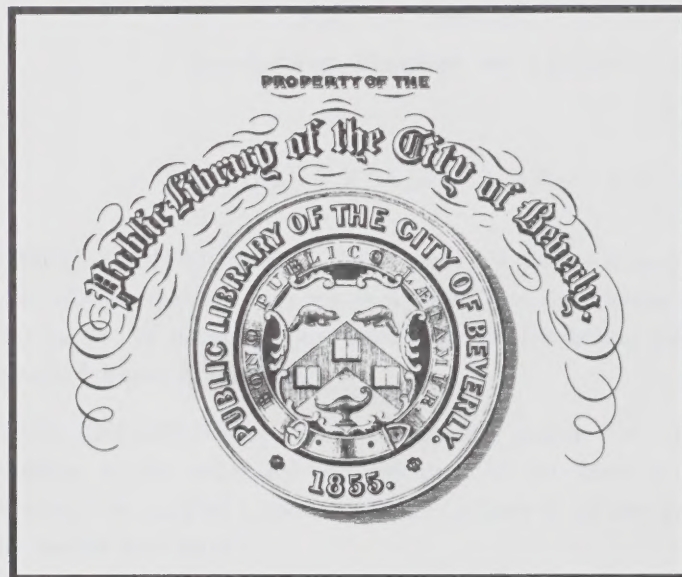
JUNE

1961

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BRISCOE BRIEFS

An annual publication by the students of Briscoe Junior High School
Beverly, Massachusetts

VOLUME XXXIV

JUNE, 1961

PRICE 65c

Theme:

"Knowledge Comes but Wisdom Lingers"

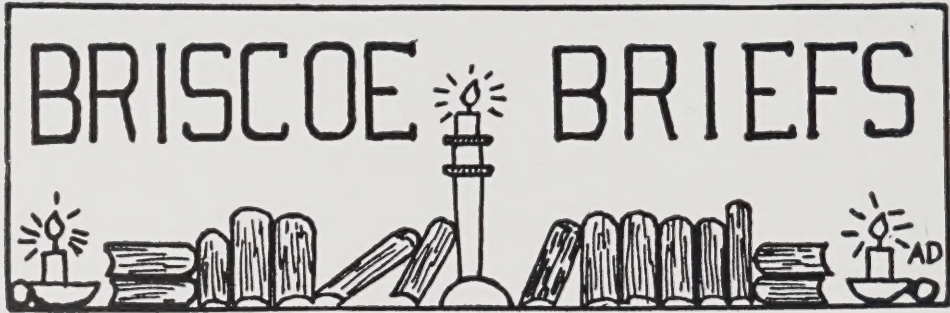
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

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DEDICATION

THIS year "*Briscoe Briefs*" commemorates its thirty-fifth anniversary. From a four-page leaflet printed by the eighth grade pupils of Briscoe in their own print shop, the magazine has progressed to a professional printed publication. In 1926 the main purpose of "*Briscoe Briefs*", to publish a magazine about Briscoe, was expressed by Myrtle Dockham, Editor. The tribute for our advancement belongs to the many students who have contributed their work and to the faculty advisors who have helped us solve our problems. Without them there would be no "*Briscoe Briefs*".



Vol. 1

BRISCOE SCHOOL, BEVERLY, MASS., MARCH, 1926

No. 1

Billy's Adventure

Billy was working very hard trying to save enough money to buy a big kodak that he'd seen in Smith's window. All his earnings were placed in a little bank on a buffet. He could tell how full it was by shaking it.

One morning he got up and shook the bank and to his surprise he could not hear a single coin rattle, so he ran over to Smith's store to get the kodak. When he reached Smith's he was all out of breath from running. Mr. Smith said, "Well, what do you want this morning?"

Billy answered, "I want the big kodak that is in the window."

While Mr. Smith was getting the kodak out of the window, Billy was thinking of the fun he would have and the funny pictures he would take. Mr. Smith again appeared on the scene with the kodak wrapped up. Billy took the package and walked home, looking and feeling very happy.

Continued on Page 3

To Our Readers

The Briscoe School workers wish to tell our readers that this paper is all seventh and eighth grade work. The type is set up and printed by our Practical Arts boys and the material is absolutely the children's own work.

No work is accepted if a teacher has a hand in it. Perhaps you think we are a little bit too proud of ourselves. We don't want you to think we are patting ourselves on the back but we thought you would overlook the small errors and appreciate our work more for this bit of information.

Myrtle Dockham, Editor

Play

An old saying is "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy." So every afternoon we devote eight minutes to play and about every afternoon it gives satisfactory results.

Editorials

MEANS TO AN END

THE twentieth century has witnessed numerous changes in the philosophy of education, one of the most recent of which is the idea that every future citizen should possess a background knowledge in the sciences, while the embryonic scientist should have a foundation in the humanities. Despite some controversy amongst educators, most agree that to educate young people satisfactorily for tomorrow's world it is necessary to combine the two.

Currently, America's youth is engaged in a frantic pursuit of knowledge. Our main goal in this search is not just the acquisition of facts and skills prerequisite for a vocation. The learning process, too, is extremely important. If one questions, sifts, weighs, and absorbs ideas, one can make broadening gains in experience that need never be lost.

Most of us realize that knowledge unapplied is a mere personal adornment. It has been said that "the essential conditions of human life are always the same; the non-essential change with each man and hour." This scientific age has proved knowledge to be transient. Proper goals, therefore, would consist of acquiring basic attitudes and relationships which would lead to wisdom, that elusive quality which includes the capability of judging rightly, based on knowledge, experience, understanding, a sense of values, discretion, and things of the heart, mind, and spirit.

Recent television information quizzes have revealed to us many people who had an accumulation of facts, but who obviously lacked wisdom. The reason for this lack may be that they had gulped great quantities of knowledge without digesting its quality. Thus, their education was incomplete.

On the other hand, successful evidence of a good education can be found in the dramatic accomplishments of Commander Alan B. Shepard, Jr., America's first astronaut. His flight and his hour long press conference displayed many aspects of a man who had absorbed and applied his knowledge well, and who had exercised the kind of self-discipline that led to his selection for this momentous "first". Here, truly, is a timely example of knowledge and good judgment in action.

Thus, the kind of knowledge we really should be seeking and which present educational trends are striving to provide is an opportunity to develop to one's highest potential, to gain insight from experience, to form true values, to think independently, and to develop good judgment. True wisdom, however, is always slow to develop.

According to Albert Einstein, "Knowledge is dead; the school, however, serves the living." Herein, I believe, lies the crux of the situation. The school's function is to teach facts, but in so doing it is transmitting an experience that can do much to deepen one's character. That is what we at Briscoe remember; knowledge is not an end in itself, but a means to an end, for, as Alfred Lord Tennyson observed, "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

BARBARA CAGAN, *Editor-in-Chief*

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

HOW many times have we teenagers thought silently that we knew all there was to know about a certain subject? Many times, perhaps, although this is impossible. Always there is something new to discover and explore. When we realize this, we have caught and grasped a portion of this vast area called wisdom. Wisdom you cannot read or have told to you. It must come from within. Although some people refer to the wise old owl, a bird or animal cannot have wisdom. It has instinct. This plus experience enables it to survive. Man utilizes both instinct and knowledge. Through his own experience and the written or spoken experience of others, he acquires knowledge. Wisdom comes only after a long period of time, and even then, not always. Knowledge we retain for a short while as we make use of it, but wisdom we possess forever.

SUSAN WALES, *Assistant Editor—Grade 8*

REFLECTIONS OF A SEVENTH GRADER

KNOWLEDGE! This is the essential element needed to achieve anything worthwhile in life. Whether in obtaining a job, helping others in their work, or just in solving the

problems of ordinary, everyday living, we must have this great asset. It is often acquired by learning the thoughts of other minds, and it is often forgotten when the need for it has passed. Thus knowledge in itself is not enough. There must be wisdom, too. Wisdom is a more personal thing, developed by one's own mind on the basis of good judgment and discrimination. To me, wisdom is one of man's most priceless assets.

BETSY HASKELL, Assistant Editor—Grade 7

WONDER

IN the beginning there was wonder. Early man lived in a world of alternating light and dark, where wind faded to calm and sun succeeded storm — all without cause.

Ancient man learned about cause and effect. He sowed and reaped; trapped the lightning for winter warmth and caught rain in pools against summer's drought. The natural miracles which he could control ceased to astonish him. Perhaps those outside his grasp were — supernatural? He wondered — about giants, gods, and demons.

Historic man, guided by the recorded wonders, harnessed the energies of wind and water; lived longer and more leisurely; learned to think in abstractions and devised metal tools. He saw the magnificent orderliness of the universe; banished wonder and base superstition together; rejoiced and proclaimed the Age of Reason.

Rational man inhabited a law-abiding world controlled absolutely by cold facts and logic. A minimum of marveling was contained in a Rational Deity — a Great Architect had laid out the universe. A new technique was developed — one of observing, testing, and labeling.

Modern man used the new tool of experimentation and learned to make water from air; cloth from coal; food from metals and, newly, to animate matter.

Wonder — informed, thoughtful, purposeful wonder — is loose on the Earth again. This is what "science fiction" is, this is what "SF" means: not gimmicks and gadgets, monsters and superman, but trained wonderment — education and disciplined imagination — a marvelous mirror for modern man and the world he is only beginning to make.

LAUREL SALTER 9-3

IN THE LENGTH OF TIME AND SPACE

SITTING in my back yard one night, I gazed up at the stars and wondered. I looked and realized that each tiny glittering pearl was set in the expansive frame of immensely hot gases. Many of these are smaller than our sun, while others are several times larger. As I beheld spinning balls of fiery gas speckling space, the question arose as to what types of civilizations existed on the planets encircling these suns.

It might seem that this was a rather large mental jump on my part in that I readily took for granted the probability of life capable of civilization existing on these planets. I never for a moment doubted the existence of life on other planets, a concept which I feel is basic to any understanding of the world in which man lives, not the world of Terra, which is comparable to a tiny rural town in an isolated section of land on the outskirts of civilization, but the world of the universe. Man is locked within his tiny town, isolated from the rest of the world now, but someday he will break out of his restricted area and discover the rest of the world, as ancient European explorers discovered the older and wiser civilization of Cathay. What will these civilizations be like?

In connection with this line of thought, I attempted to picture in my mind the distance between the stars, distances man must of necessity span in order to answer these questions. The distance between Terra and the nearest star, excluding our own sun, is four and three-tenths light years; twenty-five and eight-tenths trillion miles; eight and six-tenths billion times the distance between New York City and Los Angeles. The second closet star is twice this distance away. The diameter of our galaxy is one hundred thousand light years, or six hundred quintillion miles in distance. How would man traverse these distances?

What then, I thought, is man's role in the universe? What will he one day accomplish? Will he succeed in traversing the enormous distances of space and time, and what will he find if and when he does? Will man find the answers to the questions I have posed, as well as the answers to countless thousands of other questions about the universe and life in general? Will he solve the secrets of the universe, and what will he do with this knowledge, once he has acquired it? Concerning all of these things, I meditated.

ROGER COHEN 9-1

Features

BRISCOE SCHOLAR CANDIDATES 1958-1961

BARBARA CAGAN SHERRY RUDSTEN
PATRICIA DeCONINCK LAUREL SALTER
PATRICIA MITCHELL BARBARA SIMON
DAVID VITALE

As of the end of the third quarter of the current year, the above ninth graders have achieved the distinction of receiving first honors for scholarship for each quarter. We congratulate them upon their fine records and sincerely hope that the names of these students will be announced at graduation as Briscoe Scholars, 1958-1961. A similar record in citizenship follows:

BRISCOE CITIZEN CANDIDATES 1958-1961

BARBARA CAGAN PATRICIA MITCHELL
PATRICIA DeCONINCK MARK RYAN
DAVID VITALE

STUDENT COUNCIL

THE Briscoe Student Council consists of the five Briscoe Keys and the president of each homeroom. The Keys were outstanding eighth grade pupils nominated by the faculty and then elected to serve as the nucleus of the Council in the ninth grade. The pupil receiving the most votes becomes the Master Key and the president of the Council. David Vitale, who is a candidate for Briscoe Scholar and Briscoe Citizen and a three-letter athlete, heads this year's Council. The other Keys are Barbara Cagan, Scholarship; William Reid, Fair Play; Laurel Salter, Friendship; and Alan Stortstrom, Activities. These students have all achieved good to excellent scholastic records and are included among the winners of the contest, "Best of 'Sixty-one." Under the direction of Mr. Gilboard, the faculty adviser, the Keys have led the Council in a number of projects helpful to the school.

The following pupils represent their homerooms on the Council: Pamela Storey, 10; Mark Goldberg, 15; Pamela Spear, 20; Stephen Allen, 22; Pamela Rix, 23; Gail Shepard, 24; Marshall Stanton, 25; Janet Burrow, 26; Charles Mueller, 27; Stanley Katz, 28; Arthur Bell, 30;

(Continued on Page 45)



STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS: David Vitale, Barbara Cagan, Mark Ryan, William Reid, Laurel Salter, Alan Stortstrom.



STUDENT COUNCIL — Grades Eight and Nine



STUDENT COUNCIL — Mr. Gilboard and Grade Seven

Briscoe Briefs Staff

Editor-in-Chief

BARBARA CAGAN

Assistant Editors

SUSAN WALES · Grade 8

BETSY HASKELL · Grade 7

Literary

ALICE O'GORMAN

Feature

MARTHA COLE

MARCIA GIBBS

Humor

ROSEMARY KEARNS

Art

BONNIE ALLEN

MICHAELNE PATTI

Sports

VERNON CORMIER

Publicity

PATRICIA MITCHELL

JOANNE SMITH

Business Manager

STEVEN DYER

Assistant Business Managers

MARK GLOVSKY · Grade 8

RICHARD GILMAN · Grade 7

Reporters

BARBARA BARNETT

SUZANNE BROWN

KATHLEEN BURKE

ANITA COHEN

SUSAN FREEDMAN

SUSAN GLODT

NAOMI GORDON

CYNTHIA KATZ

DIANE KITTERLE

GERI LAVENTIS

STEPHEN LIPSON

PAULETTE MARCHETERRE

MARGARET MINIGAN

CHRISTINE PATTERSON

SYLVIA PRESTON

ANN RACOW

RONALD RECINA

JANE ROBERTSON

KATHLEEN SANGSTER

SUSAN SCHWARTZ

DIANE TANGUAY

GLENNA TOLVANEN

ELEANOR WILLIAMSON

Typists

LOIS LAWRENCE

LINDA MUNSON

WILLIAM REID

BARBARA SIMON

ALAN STORTSTROM

Faculty Advisers

DAWN E. PARKS, *Business*

FRANCES E. TROWT, *Director*

CORNELIA LEIGHTON, *Art*



Seated: Mr. Eaves and Mr. Sherman
Standing: Mr. Carbone and Mr. Mini

WELCOME TO BRISCOE

TO provide for this year's added enrollment, nine new teachers were added to the Briscoe faculty. Their teaching experience covers one of the widest geographical areas Briscoe has known: France, California, Arizona, as well as the New England states. Briscoe is happy to greet them publicly.

MR. EAVES

HAVE you met Mr. Hollis Eaves? He is presently teaching a seventh grade at Briscoe Junior High School. Born in Woburn, Massachusetts, and educated in Nashua, New Hampshire, he received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of New Hampshire. After spending three years in the Navy, Mr. Eaves taught in Andover, Maine; Madison, New Hampshire; Laconia, New Hampshire; and Fairfield, California. In his spare time, he enjoys doing construction work. Married, he is now residing in Nashua, New Hampshire.

CHRISTINE PATTERSON 7-5

MR. SHERMAN

MR. Sherman, an English teacher and director of the Briscoe library, was born in Saratoga Springs, New York. After serving three years in the United States Coast Guard, he attended Union College in Schenectady, New York, for four years, where he received his Bachelor of Arts in English. Then he spent one year at McGill University in Montreal, Canada, one year at New York State College for Teachers at Albany, three years at the United States Merchant Marine Academy, and two years at Columbia University in New York, where he received his Master's Degree in English.

ANN RACOW 8-5

MRS. BLAIR

MRS. Jeanne Blair, a seventh grade teacher, was born in Miles City, Montana. She received her Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Arizona at Tucson. Mrs. Blair, who lives in Nahant, is married to an engineer employed at the General Electric Company in Lynn. This is her first year in New England. Before coming to Briscoe, Mrs. Blair taught in Tucson and in Phoenix, Arizona. Her hobbies are water skiing and reading.

BETSY HASKELL 7-2

MRS. FAWVER

MRS. Fawver, our new eighth and ninth grade math teacher, is originally from Decatur, Georgia. She graduated from Wheaton College in Illinois before coming to Briscoe to teach. She now resides in Beverly Farms with her husband, a theological student at Gordon College.

When not teaching, Mrs. Fawver enjoys such hobbies as sewing, swimming, and playing the piano. Mrs. Fawver said "I enjoy teaching here. The atmosphere is so warm and friendly."

JANE ROBERTSON 8-1

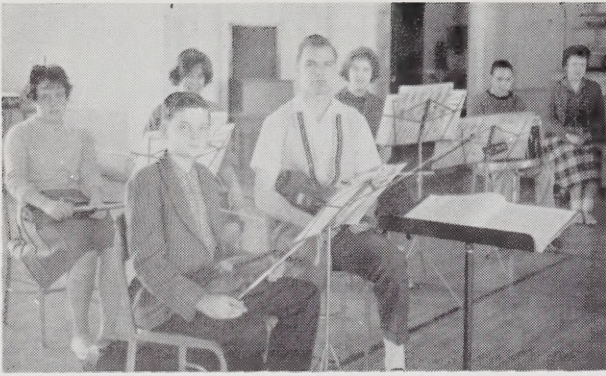
MRS. RALPH

MRS. Ruth Ralph joined the Briscoe Faculty in November to teach math and science. She received her B.A. degree from Sioux Falls College, South Dakota, and her M.S. from Oregon State College. Formerly a high school teacher in Oregon, she is married and has one son. Her husband is presently studying at Boston University for his doctorate in education.

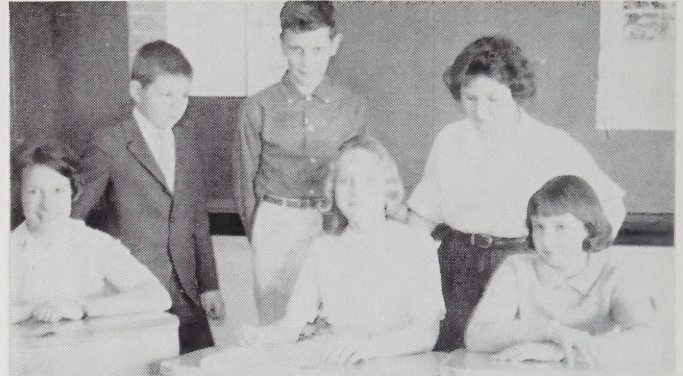
ANITA COHEN 8-8



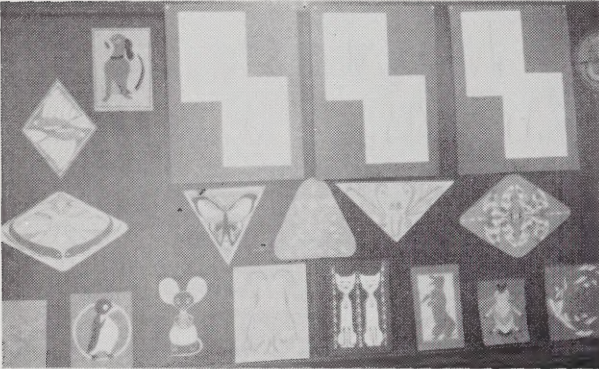
Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Fawver, Mrs. Ralph, Mrs. Bellohusen



Orchestra — String Section



BRISCOE BREVITIES' Editor and Staff Members



Art Display at Open House



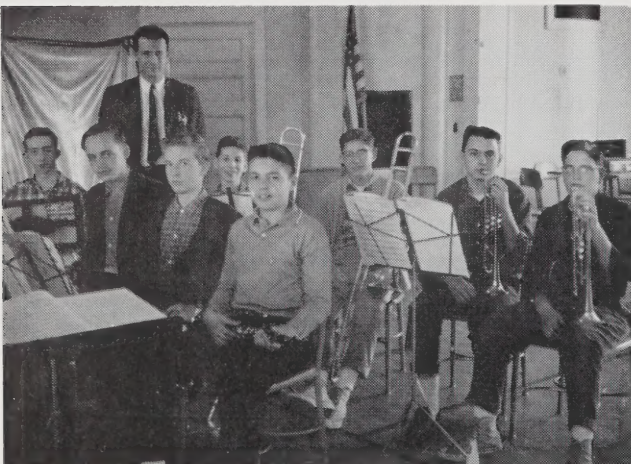
9-1 and 9-2 Study Hall



BRISCOE BRIEFS' Editorial Staff



Science Exhibit — Open House



Orchestra — Brass and Woodwind



BRISCOE BRIEFS' Meeting

MR. CARBONE

DID the Indians **throw** or **threw** the tea **in** or **into** Boston Harbor? Briscoe's eighth grade students are learning the answer to this question from the capable hands of Mr. John Carbone, our school's new eighth grade English and social studies teacher.

Mr. Carbone was born in our neighboring city, Salem, Massachusetts, where he still lives. He received his education at Bates College in Maine and did graduate work at Boston University. Besides his teaching, Mr. Carbone supervises room 303, a ninth grade homeroom.

PATRICIA MITCHELL 9-1

MR. MINI

MR. William J. Mini, a teacher of graphic arts, is a graduate of Fitchburg State Teachers College. He resides in Malden where, prior to his arrival at Briscoe, he was the Administrative Assistant to the Mayor of Malden. Before, he was a teacher at Western Junior High in Somerville. Mr. Mini is married and has one child. He has also taught art, drawing, and arts and crafts.

Mr. Mini enjoys painting and is the co-founder of the Malden Guild of Artists. When asked if he had any comments about Briscoe, Mr. Mini replied that Briscoe is a good school and that although Briscoe is not a new school, the students have a fine spirit.

LOIS LAWRENCE 9-2

MR. BONAIUTO

"HERR Bonaiuto ist unser Deutch Lehrer." What does this mean? Ask Mr. Anthony Bonaiuto, Briscoe's German teacher. Mr. Bonaiuto graduated from Boston University. He studied languages at Columbia's Language Laboratory and received his teaching degree at Boston State Teachers College. Before coming to Beverly to assume his present position, Mr. Bonaiuto was a social worker in Waltham for one and a half years. Our German instructor enjoys winter sports in addition to learning languages and playing the piano.

ALICE O'GORMAN 9-1

MRS. PEARSE

WOULD you like to meet Mrs. Pearse (the former Nancy Larrabee), the seventh grade teacher in Room 35? Mrs. Pearse was

born in Salem and graduated from Peabody High School. She received her A.B. degree from Regis College. She taught last in Wenham.

Mrs. Pearse lives in Hamilton, Massachusetts, with her husband and three children. She has a son, aged eight, and two daughters, aged four years and seven months, respectively.

CYNTHIA KATZ 7-6

MRS. BELLOHUSEN

MRS. Bellohusen, a seventh grade teacher, was born in Newark, New Jersey. She is a graduate of Illinois State Normal University and Northwestern University. Mrs. Bellohusen has taught in Illinois and five years in France for the Air Force. Mrs. Bellohusen's favorite sport is sailing. She enjoys working with the teachers and students at Briscoe, and we all hope she will stay.

KATHLEEN SANGSTER 7-9

GUIDANCE ASSEMBLIES

THIS year guidance assemblies have been held for all eighth and ninth grade pupils. Various people have given their time to talk about each of their occupations. This has given all pupils a clearer understanding of future careers.

The first of these assemblies was conducted by Mr. Roland Darling of Northeastern University, who gave the ninth grade class a general picture of the occupations that will be open to it in the future.

Mrs. Robert A. Dole of the Katherine Gibbs School talked to eighth and ninth grade girls on "Opportunities in Business". Mr. Claude H. Patten, Director of Beverly Trade School, spoke to ninth grade boys. Mrs. Margaret E. Fitzpatrick, from the School of Practical Nursing in Beverly, talked to eighth and ninth grade girls on the extensive topic of "Careers in Nursing". Another of the speakers was Dr. Arthur Haley, Director of Admissions at Lowell Technological Institute, who addressed the students on the topic of engineering.

These people are only a few of the many who talked to us and brought with them numerous helpful pamphlets.

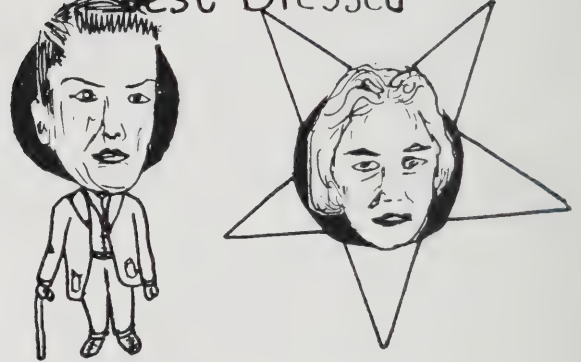
GERI LAVENTIS 8-5

Best of '61

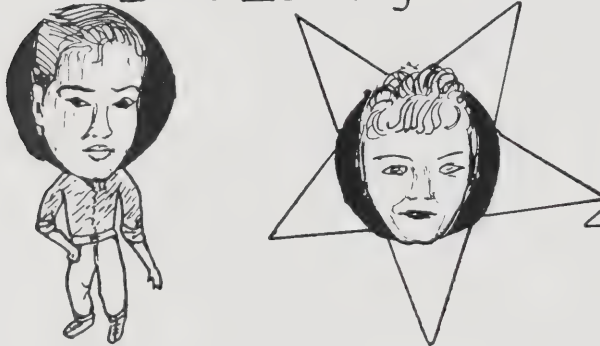
Best Athlete



Best Dressed



Best Looking



Friendliest



Most Versatile



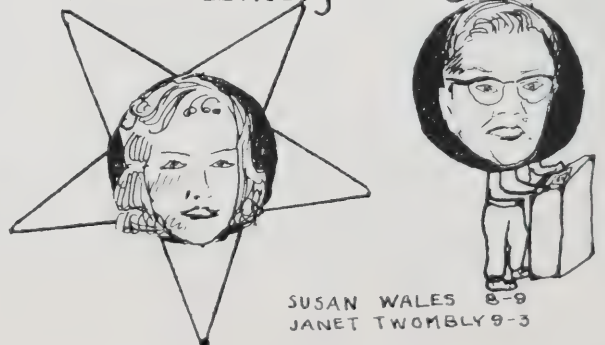
Contributed Most to Briscoe



Wittiest



Most Likely to Succeed



SUSAN WALES 8-9
JANET TWOMBLY 9-3

BEST OF '61

BEST ATHLETE

TERRY BROOKS JOHN SIHPOL

BEST LOOKING

WILLIAM WAGNER LOIS MACLEOD

MOST VERSATILE

DIANE HASKELL DAVID VITALE

WITTIEST

LOUIS BENNETT CAROLYN BROWN

BEST DRESSED

WILLIAM REID JOANN FULLER

FRIENDLIEST

CYNTHIA COOPER GREG COTRARO

CONTRIBUTED MOST TO BRISCOE

ALAN STORTSTROM BARBARA CAGAN

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

LAUREL SALTER MARK RYAN

"BRISCOE BRIEFS," ANYONE?

AT an early December meeting of the **Briscoe Briefs'** staff the opinion was expressed that a publicity stunt might help to stimulate interest in the magazine. The staff decided to present a short, original skit. Three volunteers, Susan Freedman, Susan Glodt, and Naomi Gordon, immediately went to work on a script.

The story was that of a beggar who stood on a street corner peddling copies of the **Briefs**. It was not until a wise old scholar informed the people of what this fine magazine contained and represented that they realized its value and quickly bought a copy. The finale included a request for literary material from the Briscoe students.

To make the play more interesting to each grade, three casts were used, each representing a different class. The seventh grade cast included Ronald Recina, Beggar; Stephen Lipson, Wiseman; Betsy Haskell, Announcer; and Sylvia Preston, Kathleen Sangster, and Richard Gilman, Shoppers. Their counterparts in Grade Eight were Anita Cohen, Glenna Tolvanen, Eleanor Williamson, Kathy Burke, and Diane Tanguay; in Grade Nine, Alan Stortstrom, Patricia Mitchell, Alice O'Gorman, Rosemary Kearns, and Marcia Gibbs. The authors also directed the casts.

We are sure this skit had a worthwhile effect on the pupils of Briscoe because of the many original contributions submitted. We regret that space did not permit including all of them. The combined efforts of the staff and the other students have made possible the 1961 issue of the **Briscoe Briefs**.

SUSAN SCHWARTZ 7-4

BRISCOE CLASS SONG

Tune: *March of the Men of Harlech*

Briscoe students, in our glory,
We will go to higher learning.
Lines and lines, we're marching forward,
High school is our goal.
Country of the highest learning,
We are ready, we are willing,
Be it easy, or hard, or thrilling,
We shall make our way.

Briscoe students onward,
We are the country's future.
The world outside so far away,
Will soon be ours to conquer.
Forward! We are gaining spirit.
On we go, forever forward,
To our goal we all push onward,
Briscoe, 'Sixty-one!

LINDA MUNSON 9-2

A SERIOUS ALARM?

CLANG, clang, the firebell broke through the crisp morning air and echoed through the school building, waking up all drowsy pupils. Startled and in doubt about what was happening, they filed down the halls and stairs and out into the brisk fall air where they stopped on the sidewalk and answered the roll call. Thinking that it was a regular training surprise drill, no one really suspected that it was the real thing until the blasting sound of the fire alarm filled the whole square, or rather, the whole town. One of our history teachers came running up to the ninth grade lines immediately after the alarm was sounded and right behind him came the fire engines.

It was a cold, crisp day and none of us had our coats on, so the ninth graders decided to walk over to the empty fire station with permission of our teachers. We had only been there a few minutes when one of the teachers came down and called us back to school. Everyone seemed a little disappointed at having to return to school, even the teachers.

We all wondered what had caused the evacuation and later learned it was an overloaded fuse box which sent off dense smoke.

Sometimes when I think about that minor fire incident, I wonder what would have happened if we hadn't been trained to arise at the alarm, leave everything and file quickly and quietly out of the building. Do you?

MARILEE TRAVSKY 9-2

OPEN HOUSE

OPEN House at Briscoe was held on Thursday evening, May 18. This eventful evening consisted of a program for parents and other visitors showing the varied activities of the school. It was presented with the cooperation of the faculty and the students of the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades.

The science department's display, different and interesting, was directed by Mrs. Shafer. Rock collections were described and shown by Hannah Draper, Robert King, Norman Corey, and Ronda Rudolph. Lamp boards, parallel and series wired, were exhibited by David Vitale, Alan Stortstrom and Ronald Andreas. A frog was dissected by Ronda Rudolph and Robert Ossoff. Charles Mueller and Robert King were in charge of a model geyser, while Barbara Dove operated a record player on science. Laurel Salter exhibited her trained hamster. Other students with projects were Linda Rogers, Barbara Thorne, Linda Jaworski, Kenneth Phipps, Wayne LaPuglia, Ronald Goldsmith, William Dean and Ralph Turcotte. There were also audio-visual aids which bring so much of the scientific world into our classrooms. Several problems were also shown which not only illustrated scientific principles, but also helped students gain experience in problem solving. Capsule teaching units showed ways in which first-hand experience contributes to knowledge as various scientific areas are studied. Of much interest was the display of new scientific equipment.

The mathematics department under the supervision of Mrs. Fawver showed projects done by the pupils. These were primarily concerned with the relation of mathematics to our daily lives, demonstrating how material learned in junior high is used. Numerous papers were also displayed.

The language department's contribution to the evening was supervised by Miss Larcom. Eighth and ninth grade girls played French, Spanish, and German records. Holly Harrison was in charge of the eighth grade exhibits, assisted by Sheryl Amos, Janet Freeman, Linda Liporto, Susan Morrison and Paula Polansky. A practical application of French was demonstrated by these girls who did arithmetic and identified classroom objects. Leading the ninth graders was Susan Brindle with Bonnie Allen operating the phonograph. Rosemary Kearns and Michalene Patti showed how the ninth grade classes use recordings to improve pro-

nunciation and facilitate practical conversation. Combining letter writing and geography was a display of pen pal letters along with a map noting the residence of the correspondents. Colorful posters and homework papers completed this exhibit.

The social studies projects presented what is to be accomplished in this field during the next ten years. In the seventh grade rooms of Mrs. Small and Miss Crowell the theme was colonial times and how man has used his ability to better the world. Mr. Brown's projects concerned frontier expansion and its effect on America today. Mr. Hopkinson's theme was world trade and interdependence and illustrated the exchange of raw materials, money, and ideas. Students taking part were Patricia DeConinck, Barbara Cagan, Sherry Rudsten, Patricia Mitchell, Alice O'Gorman, Marilyn Katz, Steven Dyer, Roger Cohen, Alex Podgers and John Haydon.

The practical arts program was directed by Mr. Shea. The girls demonstrated cooking and exhibited aprons. The boys worked on metal and wrought iron. The graphic arts shop, under the supervision of Mr. Mini, worked on a series of units on printing. Colorful bulletin boards displayed samples of their work.

The **Briscoe Brevities** and the **Briscoe Briefs** held their programs in the typing room where posters, galley proofs, newspaper clippings, and sample magazine layouts were displayed. Twelve pupils from the **Briefs'** staff greeted parents, explained how the magazine goes to press, demonstrated a typical staff meeting, and sold subscriptions to those who otherwise would not have access to the magazine. **Brevities'** editor, Janet Twombly, and some of her staff were on hand to explain their exhibits while reporters covered the various departments and then wrote up their assignments.

The conclusion of Open House was in the auditorium where there were demonstrations of girls' square dancing and boys' tumbling, supervised by Mrs. Zani and Mr. Smith. The band and the orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Finnegan, played several entertaining selections. Miss Gravelle's eighth and ninth grade choruses gave a fine combined performance, accompanied by Richard Gilman and Barbara Cagan at the piano. Mr. Gilboard directed the ushers, all members of the Student Council.

Open House gave the parents and visitors an accurate idea of the many accomplishments of the students of Briscoe Junior High School.

GERI LAVENTIS 8-5

(More Features on Page 45)

Literary

THE TREE

THE tree which stood outside of my brother's window was his favorite companion. In the summer it stood straight and tall with all the proudness in the world, but during the winter it looked bleak and forlorn. This made my brother very sad, for to see a friend lonely is truly a very big blow to one so small. During the summer Kenny would play in the tree house that his father built for him, but during the winter all that he could do was to sit for hours and stare at it. Then one summer the tree did not blossom, and Ken could not understand why. One day a crew of men came and cut the tree down. Ken was away at this time and could not have known what a terrible thing had happened to his tree. When he came home, it nearly broke his heart. "Why, oh why was my tree cut down?" were the only words he could say; then Mom told him that maybe some day he would understand. Kenny never forgot what happened on that dreadful day so long ago, but he did realize that when something dies it is of no use to anyone, not even to a grief-stricken boy.

BARBARA DAVIS 9-2

NEVER AGAIN

SHE was beautiful, but very lonely. Many, many years ago she had sat in her chair, a perfect lady, with her hands neatly folded until the children of the large house would come to play with her. But that was long ago, and now, she had grown old with the house. The small happy children who had once kept her company had also grown old and had passed away long ago, leaving her in the very empty playroom of the old desolate house.

In her younger years she had been even more beautiful, and now, although her real hair had grown musty and dull, and her beautiful large brown eyes grown lonely, she was still beautiful. Her satin dress had lost its luster, and the lace at her neck and wrists had turned brown.

She still sits in her small antique chair with her small china hands folded, a lovely doll, waiting to play with the children who would never return.

CYNTHIA COOPER 9-2

THE CRICKETS' NOCTURNE

The voice of the night speaks
In subtle undertones;
Its contrapuntal chant
Is melodious monotony.
The air throbs
With a continuous pulse —
Like the heartbeat of humanity —
Endless as the generations of man.
On and on and on and on . . .

The depth of the night causes
The music to swell in volume
Until it is subtle no longer.
It is a tale of agitation —
Turmoil and anguish —
A satire on man's cruelty to man.
All other sound is nothingness.

Soon the lament subsides
Into atmosphere,
background
Becoming a lullaby —
a ballad of beauty, peace.
Superficial
yet soothing.
On and on . . .

BARBARA CAGAN 9-3

HIM

How do I see him?
I see him in a summer's day,
I see him turn his head that way,
I see him in my heart.

How do I hear him?
I hear his voice upon a hill,
I hear his voice so far and still,
I wish that he were here.

How do I miss him?
I miss him so my whole heart aches,
I miss him when the daylight breaks,
I miss him all the time.

How do I love him?
I love him so that I could cry,
And when a single day goes by
When he is not beside me still,
I love him now, I always will.

JOANN FULLER 9-2

THE CHARM BRACELET

HELLO there! I am a charm bracelet. I may now be seen appearing in an old antique shop. My story is an interesting and true one. If you have the time to listen, I'll gladly tell you.

I was started many, many years ago by a loving mother. I was given to her daughter on her fifth birthday. A tiny gold plaque came with me too. On it was engraved the name Dorothy and the date May 9, 1884.

From that day on I was kept in a special box on a special shelf and worn only on special occasions. Year by year more charms were added to my golden links. I grew prettier every year.

There was one charm in the shape of an old spinning wheel. On one of my trips to the attic I saw one just like it. Dotty's grandmother had given the chain to her, for she had used the real one when she was young.

I shall never forget the dancing slippers given on her tenth Christmas. They were her pride and joy. Dotty pictured herself as a ballerina.

During her first year in high school a book was added. It too had a special meaning, for knowledge opened many doors for Dotty.

Perhaps the most sacred of all was the lovely, heart-shaped locket she was given by her first boyfriend. I was polished and shown so often that year!

I was very sad when a tiny baby charm was added, for I knew Dotty was all grown up. I didn't realize that the birth of her child meant the birth of a new life for me. For as long as there is a family I will be passed from one generation to another. That is my life.

JODY FULLER 9-2

MY DREAM DRESS

IN my closet there hangs the most beautiful dress in the world — so beautiful that it creates an aura of splendor. This creation is made of billowing white chiffon strewn with shining, silver sequins. I have often imagined myself dancing on a pink cloud in this sparkling spectacular, twirling and whirling while the sequins glisten brightly. Heads turn and people wonder who could have created this exquisite concoction. Then, as a soap bubble floating, shimmering and glistening suddenly bursts, so my dream bursts when I admit the dress is two sizes too small.

ALICE O'GORMAN 9-1

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

(With Apologies to Clement Moore)

'Twas the night after Christmas,
And all through the house
Everyone was merry,
Even the mouse.

All the stockings that were hung
By the chimney last night
Are now being used
In a stocking fight.

The mother and father
Now weary sit down,
While a small child upstairs
Makes believe he's a clown.

All the beautiful wrappings
That were thrown on the floor,
Have been hastily swept up
And thrown out the door.

Now the children upstairs
Are finally in bed,
With memories of Santa
Still in their heads.

The presents are all
Distributed around,
But wait!
Look what I found.

A carefully hidden
Little round box.
Now we remember,
My brother's new clocks.

All is finally quiet
Until next year.
When, lo and behold,
Santa is here!

ROBERT BATTIS 9-1

NIGHT

The shadows' ever darkening rays,
The sunset with its pink complexion,
The slowly dimming lights of day,
These do not leave a question —
Night is drawing near.

STEPHEN LIPSON 7-3

LONG NIGHT

IT had been a warm, suffocating afternoon with blue sky and bright sun. Casco Bay was motionless and ominous.

At seven o'clock my brothers, their friend, and I took a swim in the unusually warm bay waters, and afterwards we rowed our two boats to the bridge about three-quarters of a mile away. Soon we noticed that the sun had dipped behind a huge black cloud that covered the western sky and we hurriedly started back.

We had gone a short distance when we felt a chilly breeze come across the bay. In fifteen minutes we could see whitecaps everywhere, and the waves were mounting higher and higher. We realized that the sudden squall would probably get worse soon and that we would have nothing left but a camp of shreds if we did not get back quickly. We rowed faster and faster, racing the pouring, biting rain that accompanies squalls until we reached the camp.

It was pitch-dark now and we could not see two feet in front of us. The wind was blowing. We made our way up the steep path cautiously. An unmistakable feeling of foreboding weighed heavily on all of us.

Just as we reached the entrance of the tent, we felt the first drops of rain. We donned our raincoats and gathered all the safety pins in sight and went outside with our flashlights to prepare both tents for the stormy night ahead. We found a gaping rip in the top of the main tent and proceeded to pin it as best we could. My small tent was flattened and weighted down.

We were all still awake at eleven o'clock and my brother Russ suggested that we have some refreshments and play a four-handed game of cribbage.

Later when Russ went outside to inspect the tent, the thing that we had feared happened. The tremendous rotten birch tree beside the tent toppled over. We heard a yell and ran outside to find Russ pinned underneath the tree. Luckily he wasn't badly hurt, but he couldn't get out from under the tree. We set to work heaving and tugging at the tree until it was raised enough for Russ to crawl out. We helped him back into the tent and patched up his cuts and bruises.

Later I lay down on one of the beds and Russ on the other. We talked of the events of

the day for a while and then grew silent. My brother dozed quietly after a while. I lay listening to the howling wind and the rain pattering on the tent . . .

I woke with a start to find the sun streaming in through the entrance of the tent. I could hear my radio playing softly and the bacon and eggs sizzling in the frying pan. The delicious aroma of coffee and hot biscuits made me glad that the black night was gone and that blue skies and sunshine once more prevailed on Casco Bay.

JOANNE SMITH 9-2

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

IT was three days before Christmas, and all the little girls were whispering about what they were going to receive. Little Doria dared not utter a word about what she might get, for she knew they would only laugh at her.

Christmas Eve finally arrived, and the little girls walked together to Benediction. It was a long walk, and the evening was bitter cold. As they were entering the church, the girls were so busy whispering and giggling that they did not notice a poor little child lying on the bench at the entrance.

Little Doria stopped and looked down on the sleeping child. He wore neither shoes nor stockings and looked lost. When Doria left the church, she no longer wore her warm shoes or stockings, for she had put them on the sweet little child she had met in church. Nevertheless, she was happily smiling.

Doria hurried home, for she felt the cold keenly. She said no word to anyone about the gift to the little child.

Christmas morning, when Doria awoke, she went to the fireside to warm herself. Her eyes widened as she looked down to find her shoes and stockings full of goodies of all kinds as well as a note saying that the child she had befriended was none other than the Christ Child. When Doria finished reading the note, she was happier than ever and thought it was her duty to give some of the goodies to the less fortunate children.

Suddenly Doria awoke from a sound sleep and called, "Mother, Mother, come quick! I had the most beautiful dream. Come close so I can tell you all about it."

GAIL CARRARINI 9-2

STAR-FIRE

*"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;"*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THIS quotation from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Samuel Coleridge brings forth several different ideas. The picture foremost in my mind, however, is one of the blazing surface of a star, where fierce heat and energy are given off to a degree far surpassing any concept of hell-fire. I think of the stars in the heavens which are observable at night; a picture of thousands of these swirling orbs of fire burning as dim lamps in an otherwise dark room arises, to be immediately superseded by a picture of huge numbers of blazing fireballs set in the dome of Earth's atmosphere.

These fire-balls seem to swirl around central points in weird orbicular patterns. They keep closing in towards their central points, the patterns getting tighter and tighter. Yet none ever manages to arrive at this spot, for the closer one gets to it, the farther within itself the spot recedes. The center keeps this process of internal condensation going, as it diminishes in the process. However, the relative size of the point, which is actually a minute bit of matter, never changes, for the fireballs diminish at the same rate, as they give off energy. Eventually the fire-ball burns out, and then a cosmic overseer replaces it with a new fire-ball which starts the entire process anew with its own central spot. This is what these thought-provoking lines bring forth in my mind as I contemplate them.

ROGER COHEN 9-1

A QUIET SUNDAY AFTERNOON

IT was a quiet Sunday afternoon because everyone was in his house relaxing, everyone, that is, but me and my dog. My mother had told me to walk Midge, that's my dog, because I had forgotten to every day that week. Never before had I walked my dog on Sunday, so I had no idea what I was getting into.

We were walking along a quiet residential street when I saw someone coming our way. Coincidentally she happened to be walking a dog also. There was only one thing wrong with this arrangement and that was that her dog was a poodle and Midge hates poodles!!

I was dumbfounded. I couldn't think. I stood there in panic because I had seen Midge fight with other dogs before. She was small, but she could fight. All the time she was getting closer, unaware of the danger of my twenty pound dog.

Suddenly Midge saw the poodle and started to chase her. I was yanked right along with her. Midge chased that poodle up and down the street. Fortunately, the owner of the poodle had let the leash go. I was dragged up and down the street ten or eleven times because I had the leash wound around my hand so tightly it wouldn't come off.

Suddenly the poodle started running around a corner. Midge followed, of course, and started the chase again. Then, the poodle lurched and Midge temporarily stopped. Then, in an effort to catch up he tried cutting around a few trees. On the last tree he got hooked. Around and around we went.

The owner of the poodle, seeing her chance, grabbed her poodle and disappeared, leaving Midge and me tightly wound around a large oak tree.

As I was trying to get out of that mess I kept wondering about those nice "quiet" Sunday afternoons.

LINDA MUNSON 9-2

ADVENTURE IN THE DARK

ONE dark, summer night, Girl Scout Troop 5 was huddled around a dying campfire telling ghost stories. The low flames warned us that a new supply of wood was needed. That meant someone had to be chore girl. Of course no one volunteered. It was suggested that a name be drawn from a box. My camp partner won. As she was getting ready to leave, we heard a crackling noise coming toward us. We decided to investigate. Getting up, we walked cautiously in the direction of the noise. Suddenly from out of the dark glowed two circles. Fortunately I had my flashlight attached to the belt of my slacks. Frantically, I reached for it, turning on the switch. It did not work. Hitting it against my hand did not bring results. Finally, I threw it at the object. Although it fell short upon hitting the ground a beam of light exposed the noisemaker. It was our faithful dog mascot, Alexander.

MARY JO PSZENNY 7-4

THE BEAUTIFUL SCENE

One morning when I hopped out of bed,
I flew down stairs and my mother said;
"Isn't this a beautiful day?
Why don't you take sister out to play?"
But first I opened the big front door.
From the beautiful sight I saw
I began to wonder more and more.
Why did God make this beautiful scene?
Or is this all a wonderful dream?
But then I listened and all I heard
Was the cold tweet of a tired little bird.
And then I saw the sparkling shine of the
 glist'ning snow.
And water dripping from icicles starting to flow.
There were icicles big and tall,
And little tiny ones about to fall,
The happy sound of the creaking trees,
And the calm refreshed sound of the seas.
Then mother said, "What are you waiting for?"
I said, "Nothing," and closed the door.

LINDA TREFRY 7-8

HINTS OF SPRING

Birds are flying north again
Spring is in the air,
Flowers breaking through the ground
Showing faces fair.

Little yellow daffodils,
And purple crocus, too,
Lift their heads up to the sun
To dry the morning dew.

The bare trees are budding
And soon there will be leaves,
While the cool brown earth
Is being warmed by gentle breeze.

The farmer is tilling the soil,
And planting many seeds,
Then he'll have another chore,
Pulling up the weeds!

KATHLEEN GUIDI 7-8

A COLT FOR CAREY

MORE than anything Carey wanted a stallion of her own, but her parents wouldn't allow it. They said stallions were too dangerous for young girls. Every Christmas without fail when asked what she wanted, Carey replied, "A young colt that I can train and have for my own." No amount of pleading could persuade her parents.

Carey had three brothers, Doug, Dave, and her twin, Chris. None of them had slow old mares. Her sister Tamora was no comfort. All she cared for were cats.

One day while running in the sunny meadow with her two collies, she heard a loud yell for help. Beyond the high board fence was Dave, his prostrate body twisted in pain. Nearby grazed Lance, his stallion, powerful muscles rippling under a glossy black hide.

"I'll get help, Dave. Don't move 'til I get back," and off she tore on Lance. They sailed over the high fence and tore through the meadow. As she rode, she wondered what her parents' reaction would be towards her riding this dangerous horse. Would they be proud or angry?

After what seemed like a long wait for the doctor, events moved swiftly and Dave was soon in the hospital. Her parents said little, only praising her for her quick action.

A few days later Dave was home again. Carey could hardly wait to show him the surprise, her new colt. Dave grinned, "You sure proved to Mom and Dad you can handle anything, especially after taking that fence with Lance. I had to break an arm to do that!"

SUSAN WALES 8-9

THE MIRROR

I come in every shape and size,
I please all those who use their eyes;
I'm found in every kind of place,
And useful mostly for the face.

All grown-up people look in me
To see the sights they wish to see;
And truly they have made me so,
There's not a thing I do not show.

NANCY SADUR 9-2

STORM

The storm begins.
A streak of light flashes from the heavens,
A rumble of thunder echoes through the hills,
The wind blows fiercely,
Rain begins to fall.
Another streak of lightning rips through the clouds,
The seas roll in with all the anger of Jove,
Giant waves crash against the rocks,
Angry winds blow the sand through the reeds,
Then it dies away.
The sea once again becomes calm,
The thunder dies beyond the hills,
The rain falls — oh, so, softly,
The earth is silent,
The storm is over.

JANE ROBERTSON 8-1

A WALK

AS Beth wandered down the little hill that lay in back of her home, her thoughts turned to the same walk she took just three months ago. "Was it three months ago?" she asked herself. Why it seemed like yesterday with Paul at her side.

Beth was fifteen years old. She had short curly brown hair, large brown eyes and in front a lovely nose and mouth. In short she slightly resembled an angel.

Now her thoughts went back to the day she and Paul had taken this same walk that she was taking now. She remembered it had been May then. The day was warm and sunny, the wild flowers were scattered in gay profusion all over the little valley below. Paul had asked her to take this walk for a special reason. He said he was going away, that he would never come back. He had tried to explain without hurting her, that nothing could keep him from going. She had cried and asked him to explain, but he felt she shouldn't know the real reason until after he had gone. They had talked about what she planned to do after he left, what she planned to do in the future. She had told him she had no plans right now. So he said he knew whatever she decided was best. Now as she sat down a tear slipped down her cheek and fell on the ground. Paul, her brother, had died two days ago, but she would never forget their walk as long as she lived.

ANITA COHEN 8-8

THE UNFORGETTABLE MRS. X

I BELIEVE that this summer while caddying at a very exclusive country club, I met the most unforgettable character I have ever known. During this story I shall refer to this person as Mrs. X.

One day, before a tournament I was selected to caddy for Mrs. X. Mrs. X is well known by the caddies for her parsimony, but as I was relatively new, I had never seen her. When she came out of the clubhouse, I received the shock of my life. She was easily in her late seventies or early eighties and didn't look capable of even holding a golf club. She had on what looked like pajamas which were all colors of the rainbow, red, brown, yellow, purple, and orange. She walked with her nose in the air and talked with an extremely broad accent.

We walked over to the first tee, and the feeling of shock slowly subsided within me. As we kept playing, I became filled with admiration, for the elderly lady trudged on over the course, playing her game with great skill.

Later, teeing off on the eighteenth hole, we were tied with our opponents. Mrs. X's tee shot was short but accurately placed in the middle of the fairway. With two more shots we were on the green, but our opponents were there also. They two-putted for a bogie five. Mrs. X had a ten to fifteen foot putt for the win of the hole and the match. Most people in this situation would be overwhelmed with pressure, but Mrs. X was not. She casually stepped up to the ball and put it in the hole.

I later learned that although Mrs. X was noted publicly for her stinginess, privately she had donated over a million dollars to various charities. This little old woman in her odd costume certainly was an unforgettable character.

MARK RYAN 9-3

ONLY A SLEEPY HEAD

In school I am a ponderous book,
In the country I am a bubbling brook,
While at the beach, on my back I float,
I become an adventurous whaling boat.
At night when the wind is blowing loud,
I am a rocket ship passing through a cloud.
I, too, am a comet with a big bright head,
What am I really? Just a sleepy head.

JANE CHISHOLM 7-3

A MAJOR CRIME

ONE afternoon as I was strolling along in a meadow, trying to quell my anger after an argument with my sister, I came upon a good subject on which to vent my anger. I crept up behind my prey and just as I was about to leap upon him, he fled. I chased him across the field, around trees, over rocks, and through the little brooklet.

Finally, after a grand chase, I saw my victim was tiring and within a few minutes, I had a grip on him. He struggled to pull away, but his doom was sealed. With a great struggle I managed to keep my tight grip on him until I got home.

Safely inside where he couldn't escape, I murdered my victim. When I was sure he was dead, I took a small hammer and drove pins into him. Then I buried the victim in a drawer with the other poor creatures I had mercilessly suffocated with ether.

As I was eating my lunch I thought about the occurrence and began to feel sorry for the creature. How cruel I had been to kill so mercilessly this poor thing that had been going about its business. But then my regret disappeared as I thought of the award I would receive, for, you see, my victim was a specimen of a rare and beautiful species of butterfly.

DONNA PERKINS 9-1

SURPRISE AT NIGHT

A DARK, rainy night can provide much excitement during a Boy Scout camporee. While dozing in my comfortable sleeping bag, I heard a thumping noise coming from behind our small, gray tent. Arousing my tentmate, we scrambled for our flashlights. In our haste, we knocked down the tent pole. We dashed for the small opening. Too late — the tent had collapsed! Tangled in tarpaulin, we began our fight for freedom. Rolling, scrambling and finally rising unsteadily to our feet, we fell a second time. Gasping for breath, we realized the seriousness of our predicament. Peering through the heavy folded cloth, we saw a speck of light. Cautiously edging our way to it, we groped our way toward the opening. Flinging off the tarpaulin with both arms, we stood facing the source of the trouble. Our conscientious scoutmaster had tripped over a tent peg during patrol duty.

DOUGLAS BARRON 7-4

AND IT WAS NOURISHED

THE sun shone overhead spreading its warmth across the endless plain. The grass gently swayed in the breeze. In the distance a lonely bird sang a melancholy song. A smell of freshness lingered in the air. God's breath of love was upon the earth.

The sky was as blue as the bluest sapphire and the clouds were white and pure. Before us lay the product of a master Creator. Each small and insignificant thing was molded by His hands.

It was calm and peaceful. A gentle tranquility prevailed. Then a dark, threatening cloud appeared in the sky. It loomed overhead, like some demon from the furnace of hell.

It crossed the path of the sun and took away from its fiery glow, like dying embers of a once-consuming flame.

The sky soon became filled with these blots of darkness; and then the inevitable happened; the clouds opened up, and the rain beat upon the earth without mercy or reason. Unrelenting and forceful it enveloped the globe. The horizon was indistinguishable.

Then all this water ceased. The clouds parted and the sun's rays brought forth warmth into the drenched and water-soaked soil. The blades of grass had small droplets on their tall, green bodies. God gave the earth food, and it was nourished.

SUSAN GLODT 8-9

THE LITTLE MEN

When I was sick at home one day,
I thought I'd have some fun,
I let my thoughts go far astray
And looked up toward the sun.

I saw a thing up in the sky —
Oh, what, oh, what, is this?
I looked and sighed a little sigh —
With a second look I couldn't miss.

The object dropped to earth so soon,
And little men emerged;
These little men from off the moon
On earth had now converged.

I looked again and sure enough,
The little men were there;
I rubbed my eyes upon my cuff —
My dream was gone for e'er.

LINDA ROGERS 9-2

THE FIRE

THE temperature was well below freezing. I was sorry now that I hadn't taken the trouble to put on an extra sweater, but there really hadn't been time. The announcement had come over the radio about the fire at the old Evans place, and Dad had practically flown out of the house. I had followed him because I hoped it would prove exciting, and he was in too great a hurry to object. It must really be huge, I thought, because firemen had been called from many neighboring towns, and they still didn't have the blaze under control.

As we came nearer, we were caught in a traffic jam. I could see the reflected light of the flames dancing over the tops of the trees, even though we were still quite a distance away. I had been to other fires with Dad because he is an insurance man, but we had usually arrived at the scene long after all danger was past. As we started to move again, a slight reeling of apprehension mingled with my excitement. I didn't know the family who lived there now. I had seen them only once, for they were newcomers, but that once had given me the impression that the family was very large, happy, and jolly. I knew they had no father, and I thought how horrible an experience this must be for them.

By this time we had parked the car and walked as far as we could. For a few minutes I watched, spellbound. The flames were dancing around madly, and I could feel their intense heat even from the distance at which I stood. Their fierceness overwhelmed me. The firemen, fighting gallantly, had prevented damage to nearby dwellings, but it was obvious that they would not be able to save the house. When I could finally tear my eyes away from the terrifying, powerful, and yet glorious fire, I looked around. I saw the sky, the trees, all the surrounding country lighted by its eerie glow. Then my eyes wandered over the crowd staring at the fire in all its magnificence and horror. But my eyes stopped wandering when they rested on the family that had occupied the house.

That big, happy family. They were no longer jolly. I studied their faces. In the face of Jimmy, the oldest boy, I saw hate, hate for that which was destroying his home, hate which was struggling to overcome fear. The faces of the younger children showed bewilderment mingled with fright. They did not understand. But in the face of their mother was reflected

something which made me cease to pity them. It was an expression of deep thankfulness. I understood as I watched her look lovingly around at her children. They were all safe. The house did not matter; it could be rebuilt, but her children, who were practically her life, were safe. As I watched, a strange kind of determination came over her countenance. I knew with the help of the kind people in this town and their mother that this family would survive this horrible night and that soon only the charred ruins of the old Evans place would remain to remind them that the memory of this night was not just a bad dream. For they were still all together in a large, loving, and once again happy, jolly family.

MARTHA COLE 9-3

MY FAVORITE HOLIDAY

IT was a beautiful Monday morning in spring. The fragrance of clean, fresh air, mingled with sweet sounding bird calls, seemed to blend with the bright new green of trees and flowers. Nature had transformed the world into a fairyland. To add to this beauty was the welcome thought of no school for one week.

As the morning advanced, I became aware that there is work connected with vacation. For the anticipated picnic, a basket must be packed, sandwiches made, soft drinks prepared, cakes and cookies wrapped, and even the tablecloth must be ironed. However, the thought of enjoyment-to-come spurred me on. Even minor difficulties seemed insignificant. Minor, I say? Spilled milk could be left for the cat, and a broken soda bottle could become a safety hazard. Steam burns on the arm must be treated and smeared ointment removed from the medicine cabinet mirror.

Everything in order, the pleasure-filled moment of departure finally arrived. Br-r-ring jangled my alarm clock! It was a beautiful morning, so beautiful it could only be a dream.

SUSAN SCHWARTZ 7-4

WINTER WHITE

Winter white is a beautiful sight,
In the glare of day or the glow of night,
Peaceful and quiet — not a sound,
As the snow falls silently on the ground.

CAROLYN PINCIARO 7-3

YKAA'S MYSTERY EYES

DOCTOR Melvin Kalmus strode into the reception room, past the secretary, and into the office of Mr. Gerad, a top man in our Pentagon. At the sight of Dr. Kalmus, Mr. Gerad rose with his face reflecting deep interest not unmingled with apprehension.

"You-you have finished the translations?" he questioned.

"Yes," responded Dr. Kalmus, "and they're just what we thought they were, a message from outer space dropped from a speeding saucer." Saying this, he placed the sheaf of very thin, amazingly tough material of unknown substance, covered with tiny, neat hieroglyphics, on top of the table.

Before reading the translation, Mr. Gerad asked tremulously, "Is it good or bad?"

"Perhaps you had better judge it for yourself, sir."

Mr. Gerad began reading the manuscript translation:

FROM: Kal-Pota-Tekkala, Observer 13-J07, Group 507

TO: Grand Council, Federation of the Triple Suns, Planet Ykaa, Takarala Sector GZ-5000-7076, Milky Way Galaxy

SUBJECT: Planets of the Sun 00826-Y, Specifically Third Takarala Sector GZ-5000-7070. Planet called Earth, Charaan Year, 37,811

It is now in my tenth year of observation in the planetary group called the solar system. In this brief report I shall somewhat randomly review a few of the things I have witnessed on Earth, the only world of interest to us in the Federation.

It is hard to realize that the inhabitants of Earth still doubt that there are other planets of habitation besides their own in the universe. Yet how they can close their minds to such a fact is beyond me and my comprehension. Of course, since Earth has been an island to itself since its beginning, I can understand their skepticism somewhat.

Earth is a planet of many races and different political groups. Although an effort is being made for co-operation through an organization called United Nations, there is no real enforceable unity among the countries of Earth. The planet has not even advanced to the point of a common tongue! Without being able to speak the same language, there is too much opportunity for misunderstanding which can lead to deplorable bloodshed.

If Earth avoids the pitfalls of major warfare,

I believe she is on the threshold of great things. Even now she is launching satellites much as we had to do thousands of years ago.

Their radio and picture-radio are entirely in the realm of entertainment and formal education seems to be largely abandoned after an Earthman has passed his school years. Our receivers constantly pick up, day in and day out, music of definite rhythm which seems to be enjoying current popularity. These melodies survive for only a few weeks, then new ones take their place and are, in turn, played to their death. There is a noble class of music that is heard less frequently. This never seems to lose popularity, for some of our recorded pick-ups have been compared with recordings made some two hundred years ago and they are identical.

Regarding the subject of frivolity, there is a deadly "game" being played unceasingly across the pathways of Earth, particularly in prosperous America. Each player is in control of a free vehicle, and he attempts to survive by avoiding collision with another player. It is disturbing to see this bloody game going on without end, and I should feel better if America would abandon it in favor of travel in a less dangerous nature.

I have judged the people of Earth to be excitable and unpredictable. Therefore I can understand the Federation's reluctance to have us make contact. Earth men undoubtedly regard us as invaders and would treat us as such although they must realize that we have shown no acts of aggression. Should I be one of the lucky ones to first make contact, I'm ready, and if it costs me my life, I shall be satisfied to have first enjoyed making contact with other men who live so many light years from our own Ykaa.

When will contact be made, my friends?

Today?

Tomorrow?

When?

As he concluded his reading of the report, Mr. Gerad's eyes reflected the relief he felt.

"It is reassuring, Doctor, isn't it?" he asked huskily.

"I think so," Dr. Kalmus replied. "I believe that Kal-Pota-Tekkala would be a rather nice fellow to know. I should really like to meet him."

"So would I," added Mr. Gerad, then added significantly with a sparkle of anticipation in his eyes, "Who knows? Perhaps some day, Doctor, not too distant, we shall!"

LAUREL SALTER 9-3

I LAUGH

I laugh
Because I'm happy,
The world was made for me.

I laugh
Because I'm lonely
But I want no one to see.

I laugh
Because time passes by
And I never miss a minute.

I laugh
Because I love the world,
And everyone in it.

I laugh
To cheer the down-hearted,
To make them feel like me.

I laugh
Because I know the waves
Will never leave the sea.

I laugh
Because of happiness,
And He is good to me.

JOANN FULLER 9-2

THAT FIRST DINNER

I NEVER thought cooking was essential, so I never got beyond the boiling of eggs stage. It came as quite a shock to me when I had to assume the responsibility of feeding four hungry mouths the day my mother broke her leg. There I was alone, except for the company of my brothers, while my father took her to the hospital. I was faced with the problem of cooking a complete dinner. My brother Chuck certainly didn't help any with his outrageous comments about my cooking ability, and Danny, my other brother, agreed with everything Chuck said. That made things worse. What confidence I had quickly disappeared.

In a fit of anger I heard myself saying, "Tonight you will sample the best meal you've ever eaten!"

Did I say that? Was I crazy? I felt sick over the whole thing.

Finally I came to my senses. I picked up the cookbook and began flipping the pages. "What shall I cook?" kept whirling in my mind. Dur-

ing my indecision I closed my eyes, fanned a few pages and placed my finger on a recipe. Thought I, roast beef it is, but what will they get?

I took an inventory of the refrigerator and cabinets. Roast beef, potatoes, lettuce for a salad, and a can of mixed vegetables. I scoured the kitchen for proper utensils, and I was ready to begin. Everything worried me now. What time should I put the roast in the oven? Is it thirty or sixty minutes per pound for cooking it? How many pounds does it weigh? When should I make the potatoes, heat the vegetables, and toss the salad? Questions of all kinds popped into my mind, and I had no way of answering them. I sat down disgusted and discouraged and slammed the cook book to a close. Aimlessly I opened it up and moved a few pages. Then I saw the title "How to Prepare Roast Beef". I was so glad I could have danced a jig. One thing led to another, and under different topics I gathered all the information I needed. I put the roast in the oven, boiled and mashed the potatoes, warmed the vegetables, seasoned and mixed the salad, and set the table.

I took a deep breath as I peeked into the oven. The roast looked fine. Everything was checked. The meal was prepared. My family was seated waiting for their food. I walked unsteadily into the dining room as I brought in their food. Grace was said, and everyone began to eat.

I closed my eyes as I waited for their reactions. I knew I wouldn't be able to bear more snide remarks from Chuck and Danny. No remarks were made, so I slowly opened my eyes. Everyone seemed to be enjoying his meal. We chatted back and forth about Mother and how she was. Then I tested my food.

The roast was overdone, the potatoes raw, the vegetables soggy and tasteless, and the salad had too much vinegar in it! It was by far the worst meal I had ever eaten. But as I looked around the table I felt a certain happiness from inside. The food tasted terrible, but my family was enduring it and not mentioning its shortcomings.

Now I realize the importance of cooking, and I'm practicing under Mother's direction so that in case of another emergency my wonderful family will never again have to experience the misfortune of such a meal.

ANNA LIPORTO 7-9

I WAS IN THE DOG HOUSE

IT all started on the eighth of August two years ago, the morning I went into Star's dog house to feed her and found her with ten puppies. For the next three months following this I was in the dog house! I distinctly remember that morning when I brought my mother a cup of coffee saying, "It's time to get up. Guess what! We have ten new members of the family."

She moaned, "That's nice. Good night."

"Mother", I said, "it's time to get up. Star had ten beautiful puppies last night."

Immediately she sprang up in horror. "What! Already?"

For the next three weeks I was very busy keeping Star on a special diet and giving her proper exercise while she nursed the puppies and kept them clean. Did you ever hear of a dog who ate a box of corn flakes and a quart of milk for breakfast; some biscuits, a pint of milk, and a bone for lunch; and one and a half pounds of meat mixed with a quart of meal for her supper? This is explained by the fact that she was a very large purebred German Shepherd who managed to get many hours of strenuous exercise every day whether she was nursing ten puppies or not.

This was nothing compared to the ten weeks following when I had to wean and train the puppies without much help from the mother. Every morning I would slip out to the dog run very quietly so I wouldn't wake the puppies, but it would be useless. The first crack of a twig would bring ten little yapping monsters sprawling about my legs. In less than ten seconds two gallons of meal would vanish, and those swollen little gluttons would roll back to the dog house and sleep for an hour. This was the most peaceful time of the day, for when those terrors were awake, heaven help the victims of their curiosity.

One dreadful morning when I had expected them to sleep their usual length of time, I went for a swim, leaving them locked up in their run. When I returned, I found no puppies, no Star. I went to work searching all the likely places, under the porch, the playground, the neighbors', until there was nowhere else to look. I gave up, hoping that hunger would lead them home. About two o'clock I saw a pack of wild dogs charging across the park. There were my dogs covered with an inch of slime and mud. During

the tedious task of cleaning them, I realized that the nearest place they could get that dirty was a mile away behind the school in a swamp. I still haven't discovered how they got there and back, unhurt and unnoticed.

I remember another day when Star played a similar trick on me. My family and I had gone fishing all day, expecting that the dogs would stay in their run. Unfortunately they had managed to escape. Did they go for a swim or a romp? Not they! Since it was the day for the trash collection, they had occupied themselves knocking over and rummaging through every rubbish barrel they could find. As we drove down the street on our way home, we remarked about the tipped-over trash cans, never suspecting Star or her puppies. There they were, asleep on our front porch amidst a welter of old shoes, tin cans, and old dog bones. To punish Star, we put her into a trash barrel for half an hour. This cured her and her puppies.

There were many more such incidents, but there were also the rewarding ones. These puppies were very smart and learned to do tricks quickly. It was very pleasing when I could get all of them to sit and stay when my back was turned or to run in a circle and jump over a stool, or sit up and beg for a biscuit. Best of all, when I came home from school, they would jump at my legs, showing their happiness at my return.

The saddest part came when I had to sell them. They could tell when they were going to be chosen and would sneak off to the corner of the room, hoping the buyer would overlook them. Within three months of their birth they were all gone, and peace had once again returned to our confused little neighborhood.

This satisfying experience in my life, from which I learned much, recurred twice. In all Star and I raised twenty-eight puppies. I would recommend raising puppies to any other boy who has the time and who doesn't mind being in the dog house.

ALEX PODGERS 9-1

THE FUTURE

Who can tell us what may come,

The future is obscure.

The days go by, and work is done,

Tomorrow is unsure.

NANCY WHITMORE 9-1

ALL FOR NOTHING

IT was nearing one-thirty; Humph Daniels had approximately forty-five minutes in which to enjoy life. He had dreaded the monotonous tick-tick-tick of the mantle-clock for three weeks and shuddered every time the word clock was mentioned. His aunt Agatha had made an appointment with the family dentist, and at two-thirty was to take innocent Humph down to the main section of Sydneyville and have two teeth extracted. Horrified at the very thought of laughing gas, still used by most dentists in Sydneyville at the time, Humph had staged every conceivable hoax, in an attempt to avoid the appointment. He tried the "I don't feel well" gag quite a few times but to no avail. Aunt Agatha had been confronted with this trick many times and rather expected this from Humph. For hours at a time Humph dawdled through school wondering how he could get out of the dreaded appointment. He rarely got enough sleep and lay awake hours thinking of the laughing gas, and the threatening pair of surgical pliers. For an entire week Humph bargained Aunt Agatha unrelentlessly with witty deceptions, but was defeated, miserably. Humph figured that his final resort would have to be an all out battle with Aunt Agatha seeing that every other attempt had failed. If he put up a good struggle, he might be able to delay the departure for the dentist's office until after the appointment.

Anyway, here he was twenty minutes away from the chair, pacing the floor, desperately trying to escape execution. Through the course of his play-time adventures Humph had heard wild tales from many of his experienced friends about the horrible gas and had developed a great fear of all gas. As D-Day neared Humph was found sitting nervously, pondering the hope of freedom when Humph was struck speechless; his bones sagged and he stared blankly at Aunt Agatha, as if expecting this maneuver, endeavored to make a speedy lunge for the collar of the unsuspecting Humph and missed. Like a flash of lightning Humph darted into the safety of the garage. Responding quickly, Aunt Agatha, a spry woman in her late sixties, bounded after in pursuit, only to trip on an exposed electric cord and sprawl flat on the floor of the kitchen. Through all this commotion Humph had hid himself behind the large extension ladder that was propped up against the wall of the garage. Aunt Agatha stumbled drunkenly into the garage and grabbed Humph

by the ear. A foot reared and Aunt Agatha let out an unearthly groan, releasing her grip on Humph. He sped into the kitchen and was considering a temporary truce when Aunt Agatha rushed at him again noticeably limping and nursing a bruise on her left shin. Humph retreated into the parlor. Expecting a frontal attack from the kitchen he did not notice Aunt Agatha slowly circling around to his rear. The bedraggled aunt limped slowly towards her quarry and with one final burst of energy grabbed Humph. With another groan, two ligaments snapped, but embattled Aunt Agatha held on this time and managed to drag Humph into the car. Upon arriving at the location of the office Aunt Agatha soon discovered that there were no available parking spaces left in the vicinity. She feared parking on another block because making Humph walk to the destination would only induce a public scene but she had no other choice. After a bitter struggle that snapped more ligaments and a trick-knee, amid a laughing crowd, the embarrassed Aunt Agatha dragged Humph up the marble stairs and to the office door. There on the door, as plain as day, hung a small, typed sign:

CLOSED UNTIL NEXT WEEK:
DOCTOR VACATIONING

May I draw the curtain on the remainder of the scene?

JOHN HAYDON 9-1

MY UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE

THE day Henry Cabot Lodge returned to Beverly from the Republican National Convention was a stormy day. My father and I decided to go to the Common even though it was raining quite hard. When we got there, there were only two hundred or three hundred people. We looked all around and finally took a position in front of the platform. The crowd began to increase. We were pushed closer and closer to the ropes. It got hotter and hotter, and I fainted. A policeman picked me up and my father made a path through the crowd to the ambulance. The First Aid men revived me. When Mr. Lodge arrived, his car passed in front of the ambulance. I saw him but I could not hear what was going on. I was very much disappointed over my unfortunate experience, but at least I had seen a famous man.

SYLVIA PRESTON 7-7

THE YELLOW BEAR

THEY told her she would never see again. Her seven operations had been complete failures.

Jackie listened to the faceless noises in the hospital wards. She had one thought on her mind: "What was yellow?" She had been only four when it had happened. How was she to remember? The last thing she recalled was when she and her brother Wayne were sleeping soundly in their beds. She heard noises, lots of people on the street. She remembered how hot it was and the noises of firemen trying to get to them. She was sore. Something was wrong, and she cried. The next thing she remembered was blackness. She was badly burnt — her face, arms, and stomach. Her whole face was bandaged. She hurt more now.

Suddenly she was interrupted by her nurse. "Hello there, Jackie. How are you feeling today? There's someone here to see you, your mother."

What did her mother look like? She remembered her faintly from the time before the fire. That was three years ago.

"Hi, dear. I brought your favorite teddy bear."

Jackie hesitated, then said, "What is yellow?"

Her mother turned to the nurse.

"What is yellow?" repeated the seven-year-old with a wondering expression on her face.

"Why, your bear is yellow, honey. Yellow is, well, it's, oh, I can't explain, Jackie. Stop asking questions like that."

"I want my bear, please. Let me hold him," Jackie begged.

Her mother turned and started to walk slowly away. With one final glance she watched her scarred little girl weeping softly, muttering, "What is yellow? What is yellow?"

The next few weeks were busy ones. Jackie was to go home to her family — her father, her mother, and Wayne, who was unhurt by the fire.

Jackie never got used to her new home. Her wheel chair always ended against the wall. A few of the children from upstairs came down and read to her. She listened intently, clutching her dirty, battered bear. The left side of her face was withered and sore-looking.

She was to have her eighth operation tomorrow, and she wasn't excited at all. It would be

a failure, another week of pain and suffering. She knew.

The operation was a much longer one than the others; her destroyed corneas were replaced. Four weeks passed. The bandages removed, Jackie slowly opened her eyes. Everyone stood by hopefully. A disappointed shake of her head made everyone's heart ache.

For three weeks she stared into the darkness. Suddenly she screamed for the nurse. Before her was a light gray haze instead of the black, black darkness. The doctor checked her eyes and said that her brain was starting to receive messages sent to it by her eyes. Only a haze was the result.

Jackie clutched her bear tightly. "I'll be able to see yellow," she whispered softly to the battered toy. "You wait."

She fell asleep. The sedative the doctor had given her made her sleep for hours. She awoke and stared at her bear. "Nurse," she called, "isn't yellow beautiful?"

DOREEN MOODY 8-7

THE MOODS OF THE SEA

There is nothing lovelier than the sea,
Upon a bright and sunny day,
With lazy waves lapping at the sand,
And children busily at play.

There is nothing lovelier than the sea,
Upon a dark and stormy day,
With breakers beating against the sand,
The wind-tossed foamy waves at play

There is nothing lovelier than the sea,
Upon a cloudless moonlit night,
With the myriad stars reflecting their glow,
On the silvery waves so bright.

CYNTHIA FIELD 7-3

THE STORM

The trees were bending in the wind,
The sky was very gray.
The rain came down so hard and fast
It flattened the stacks of hay.

The lightning flashed; the thunder rolled,
And when the storm had died,
I looked out o'er the fields and plains
And was glad I had stayed inside.

ALICE O'GORMAN 9-1

LET US PRAY

The world is torn between conflict and war,
Men bear arms in Algeria, a colony of France.
There are so few rich and so many poor,
For freedom, it will be the last chance.

Some even say we, too, may find
Ourselves, someday in the horrible state.
Let us pray we are never quite so blind,
As not to see before it is too late.

We hope that this may never be,
Yet, still we must prepare.
It may seem distant to you or me,
But our defense must be there.

We must be ready, and so we pray
That God may always guide us.
We pray that we may never stray,
Following the path of old King Midas.

SUSAN SCHWARTZ 7-4

NEW YORK CITY

Giant New York City
Is a fabulous place to see,
With tall buildings, historic places,
And the Statue of Liberty;
The Empire State Building,
The tallest in the world;
And the United Nations,
With a hundred flags unfurled.
LaGuardia Airport,
With great air liners,
Even with a heliport,
The pride of its designers.
Giant New York City,
It is so very grand.
It's the greatest city
In all our land.

JOHN SEABROOK 8-4

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

My sister had a birthday
A certain present she did want
But Mom and Dad were stubborn
Even though "Sis" did haunt.
She haunted them, both night and day
They really looked a fright;
So they finally bought a Princess phone
. . . with a handy little light!

JANICE REIN 7-1

HOUSES

New houses are the ones I like best,
Upon modern foundations they securely rest,
Their paint is shiny and sparkling new,
Creating color tints against skies of blue.

A house without several steps of stairs,
And new furnishings that do not need repairs,
All on a modern one-floor plan,
Life made easier for any man.

New houses are located in scenic spots,
Never near congested city lots,
They stand upright, and seem to give
Special beauty to the neighborhood in which
they live.

MICHAEL HARNEY 7-4

THE FIRST SNOWBALL

Dancing and jumping all around,
Through the gray clouds snowflakes come down,
Fluttering to the ground in a fall so light,
Covering the earth with a cape shining and
white.

Joyous shouts from children come,
For playing in the snow is always great fun.
Shapely snow men and ladies now appear,
Snowballs fly through the air 'mid shrieks of
fear.

King Winter sends us snow for romp and play,
But Old Father Sun takes our pleasures away,
For the carpet of white soon ends its stay,
As the first snow melts with every golden ray.

CYNTHIA FIELD 7-3

A LESSON LEARNED

A book report is due tomorrow,
So a book from the library, I must borrow.

There are many books to suit one's taste,
How can I ever pick one in haste?

My choice is limited to one just right,
Nothing too thick, for I must read it tonight.

Ah! here's a story with plenty of action,
But it's too long for my satisfaction.

I've learned my lesson the hardest way,
When a report is due — I won't delay.

BETH DEWART 7-3

TEENS IN BLUE

Last year I was fortunate to learn of the volunteer nurses aid program carried on by our local hospital. I was quite disappointed to learn, though, that the required age was fourteen, as I was still recovering from becoming a teenager. But time flew and I was soon ready for the second step, an interview with Miss Duane, director of the program. I dreaded this because in my dreams, I pictured a large, immaculately clean room containing an immense desk and a cold-eyed, gray-haired dragon giving me the "third degree". As it turned out, I entered a small, cozy, slightly cluttered, office containing two medium-sized desks and a blonde and pretty director calmly asking and answering general questions concerning the volunteer program, amidst the shrill ring of the telephone and an occasional call from a volunteer reporting for duty. It instilled in me a strong desire to be a part of it all and to be able to say, as the girl did, "I'm going down to 'emergency', they're literally screaming for help." I longed to don the powder blue smock and pin on a label saying, "Rosemary Kearns, Volunteer." The interview was soon over and so were any misgivings I might have had before this enlightening session.

Step number three meant an "orientation day" for all new volunteers. This simply consisted of an explanation of the maze of corridors, and various instructions, admonitions, and advice which sounded like this: "This is the nursery where you will fold diapers," "Never use these stairs. Use these around the corner," "It's quicker to use new elevators than the old ones because they aren't so busy." Questions from the girls went like this: "How do you fold diapers?" "How come there are so many people on this new elevator?" All in all, it was a pretty hectic tour which ended at the director's office. She reassured us that as soon as we had worked a few weeks we would be sailing through the hospital as if we owned it. I wasn't so sure about myself.

The fourth and last step was the most interesting. It wasn't really a step at all, though, because work actually started that day. I was told where the clean smocks were kept, given an identification pin, taught how and where to sign in, and finally given a temporary assignment. I was to work at the information desk. Miss Duane took me there and I was as proud as a peacock as I walked self-consciously along,

keeping pace with her and pretending I knew all about where I was, where I was going, and how to get there. I was introduced to the senior volunteer presiding over the desk, and after a few brief words, the director left. I was relieved to find another new volunteer whom I knew from school. We were soon taught how to receive patient's flowers and deliver them. Upon delivering some of them, however, we were slightly shaken when, without warning, one of the largest vases started to tip. We caught it just as some of the water spilled and, as a result, a noticeable puddle formed on the floor. We were at a loss as to what to do when a kindly patient, seeing our predicament, produced a sizable amount of paper towels. We were careful to wipe the spot dry in order that no one should slip. Referring to our brighter moments, it is rewarding to see the smile which appears on a patient's face when he learns that someone is remembering him by sending flowers and feeling sorry for him.

The effect of all this on me was amazing. I acquired a new feeling, a new emotion. It was not pity or sorrow, but it was a kind of joy in being able to help these people who need to see the smiling faces of youth, children who need someone to look up to, frightened people who need a steadying hand and indifferent people who need a kindly gesture to make them sit up and take notice of their environment. Young, old, frightened, indifferent, all have a place in the hospital, and volunteers are there to do the things that nurses don't have time for. Sometimes they are the things that mean the most to the patient.

ROSEMARY KEARNS 9-4

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

The business managers and BRISCOE BRIEFS staff wish to thank the merchants and executives of the North Shore who, by their cooperation and generosity, have made possible this issue. We are very grateful to them and, on behalf of Briscoe Junior High School, we thank them.

We, in return, know that the parents and students will recognize their service to our community.

STEVEN DYER, *Business Manager*

MARK GLOVSKY	RICHARD GILMAN
<i>Assistant Manager</i>	<i>Assistant Manager</i>

Class Leaders of 1961



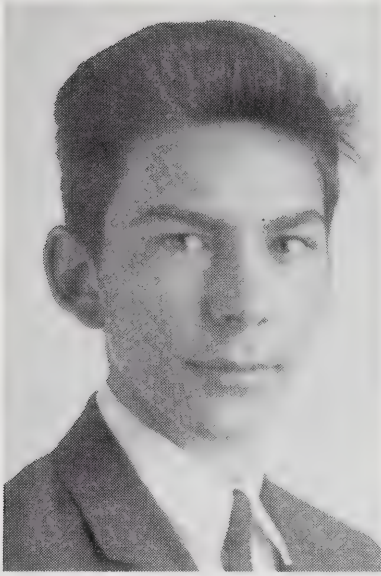
BARBARA CAGAN, editor-in-chief of "*Briscoe Briefs*", attended the Hardie School before coming to Briscoe. Last spring she was named "Scholarship Key" and as such is serving on the Student Council. At various times throughout her three years at Briscoe, Barbie has participated in Thanksgiving Assembly, worked in the cafeteria, been elected vice-president of Room 22, won the 1960 D.A.R. essay contest, served as guidance aid, taken part in this year's "Atoms for Peace" demonstration, and played bell lyra for Band and piano for Orchestra and Chorus. Her favorite sports are swimming and badminton.

VERNON CORMIER, vice-president of the ninth grade class, attended the Edwards School before coming to Briscoe. As sports editor on "*Briscoe Briefs*", Vernon lists football as his favorite sport; this is understandable since he played center on the varsity football team. He has also been an active participant in the 1959 dramatic club. Vernon hopes to be a teacher of physical education in the future. He lists social studies as his favorite academic subject.



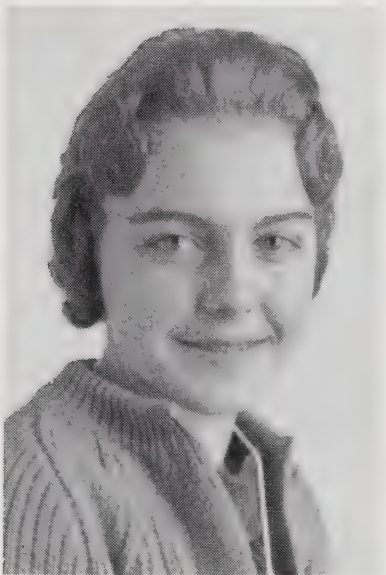
SHERRY RUDSTEN, president of the Class of 1961, attended the Edwards and the Cove-Montserrat Schools before entering Briscoe. She is the vice-president of Homeroom 36 and was also a cheerleader. She was a member of the "*Briscoe Briefs*" staff in the eighth grade. Her favorite sport is swimming. She hopes one day to become a psychiatrist.

Class Leaders of 1961



DAVID VITALE, this year's Student Council president, attended the Hardie and Cove-Montserrat schools before entering Briscoe. David was a member of the Athletics Club in the seventh and eighth grades, and he enjoys and participates in many sports. This year he was co-captain of Briscoe's football team. In addition to this he was selected to take part in the Thanksgiving Assembly in the seventh grade. His favorite subject is history.

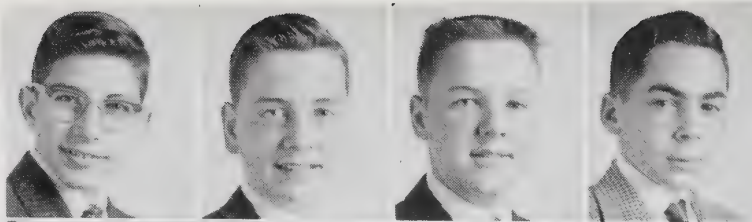
ROSEMARY ANDREAS is the treasurer of the graduating class. A member of division 9-6, she is a graduate of Edwards School and a past treasurer of the Girls' Chorus. She is now taking the Junior Business Training course and plans to enter secretarial school after graduating from high school. Outside of school, Rosemary is active in sports and especially enjoys swimming.



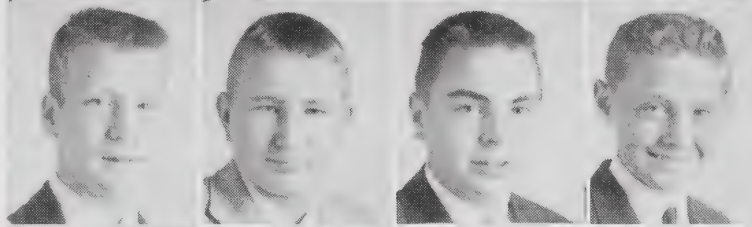
LOIS MACLEOD, secretary of the Class of '61, came to Briscoe from the Edwards School. Her favorite pastime is sports, particularly basketball and volleyball. In addition to being class secretary, Lois is secretary of Homeroom 303, secretary of the Junior Achievement Committee, and president of the Ninth Grade Chorus. This year she was co-captain of the cheering squad, of which she had also been a member in the eighth grade. She takes the Junior Business Training course, and her favorite subjects are math and social studies.



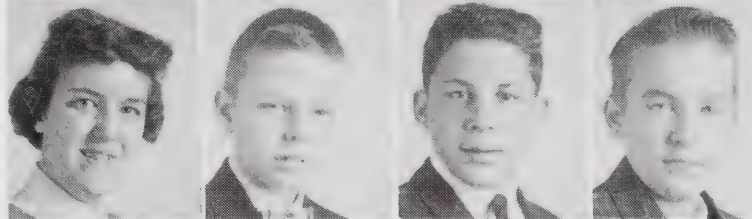
Name	Hobby	Vocation
David Allen	Jazz Band	Doctor
Robert Battis	Music	Sch'l Administrator
Louis Bennett	Sports	Air Force
Roger Cohen	Reading	Nuclear Physics



Gregory Cotraro	Bowling	Bowl. Alley Owner
John Dean	Sports	Civil Engineer
Steven Dyer	Sailing	Oceanographer
Aser Frisch	Sports	Pediatrician



Marcia Gibbs	Reading	Navy Nurse
George Gray	Cartr'ges, Coins	Scientist
Michael Hankin	Football	Geologist
John Haydon	Sports	C. G. Academy



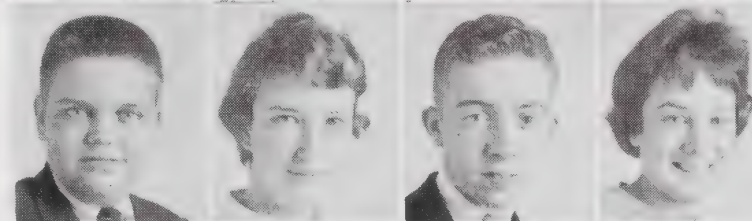
Jack Jagher	Sports	Doctor
Morris Leibovitz	Watching TV	Chemist
Candace MacArthur	Swimming	Medicine
Patricia Mitchell	Ice Skating	Foreign Service



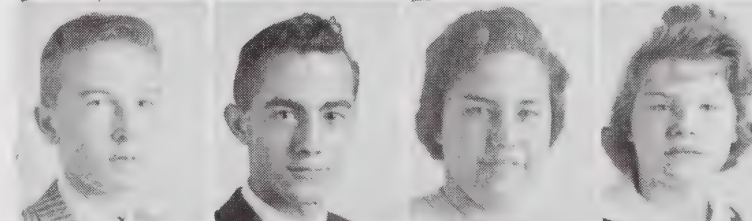
Alice O'Gorman	Read Mysteries	Nurse
Donna Perkins	Swimming	Nurse
Alexander Podgers	Sailing	Engineer
Richard Robertson	Hockey	Business Man



William Standley	Swinging Seven	Chemical Engr.
Susan Taylor	Bowling	Teacher
James Wells	Drum Corps	Lawyer
Nancy Whitmore	Swimming	Dental Hygienist



Richard Winters	Stamp Collect'g	Lawyer
Ronald Andreas	Football	Engineer
Betsy Atkinson	Swimming	Phys. Ed. Teacher
Rebelle Carlman	Reading	Pediatrician

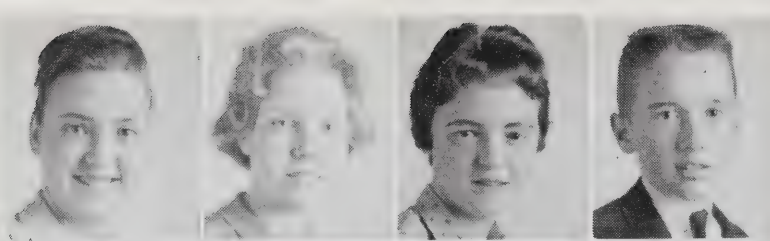


Gail Carrarini	Dancing	Secretary
Vernon Cormier	Music	Phys. Ed. Teacher
Barbara Davis	Sports	Pediatric Nurse
Bruce Dow	Fishing	Veterinarian

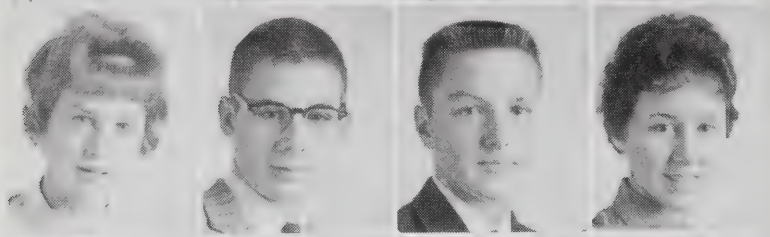


Jo Ann Fuller	Records, Radio	Teacher
Irene Gobeil	Records	Teacher
Diane Haskell	Talking on tel.	Doctor
Lois Lawrence	Listen to radio	History Teacher





Name	Hobby	Vocation
Dianne McKnight	Sports	Pediatric Nurse
Nancy McKown	Talking on tel.	Teacher
Linda Munson	Reading	Nurse
Neil Murray	Sports	Veterinarian



Beth Pinanski	Talking on tel.	Physical Therapist
Barry Raymond	Bowling	Engineer
William Reid	Sports	Lawyer
Cynthia Cooper	Dancing	Secretary



Linda Rogers	Sailing	Math Teacher
Nancy Sadur	Reading	Laboratory Tech.
Barbara Simon	Reading	Medical Tech.
Joanne Smith	Sports	Teacher



Alan Stortstrom	Dancing	Dancing Teacher
Barbara Thorne	Sports	Teacher
Marilee Travsky	Dancing	Dancing
David Vitale	Sports	Engineer



Nancy Allen	Skiing	Linguist
Thomas Andreas	Pool	Surgeon
Barbara Cagan	Duologue	Sociologist
Cheryl Cassidy	Tennis	Nurse



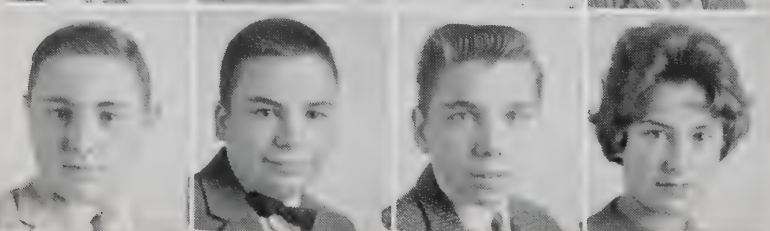
Martha Cole	Skiing	Journalist
Richard Davenport	Swinging Seven	Electronics Engr.
Patricia DeConinck	Phone	Teacher
Rhonda Gabriel	Skiing	Physical Therapist



William Godfrey	Sports	Accountant
David Hesson		Electrician
Marilyn Katz	Sleeping	Dietician
Susan Lieberman	Phone	Teacher



Edward McFadden	Sports	Accountant
Gale Morgan	Tennis	Fashion Designer
Barbara Moulton	Riding	Secretary
George Nardone	Saving money	Air Force Pilot

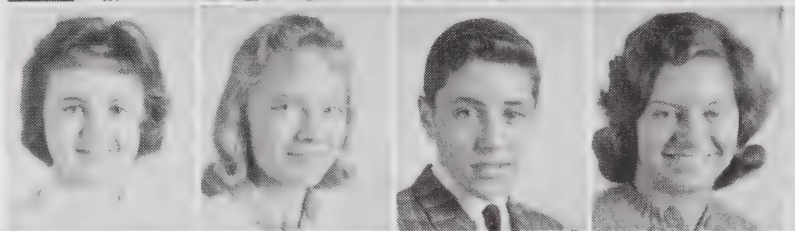


Andre Painchaud	Basketball	Technician
Donald Philbrick	Spending money	Air Force
Howard Pray	Fun	Electronics Engr.
Sherry Rudsten	Eating	Psychiatrist

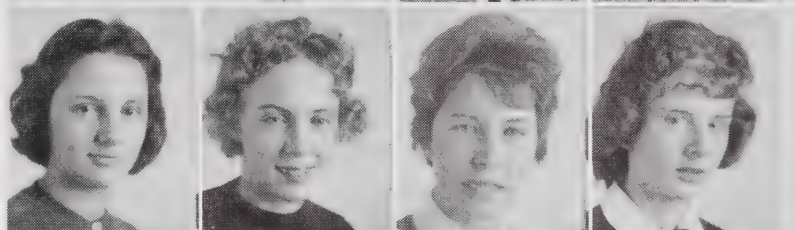
Name	Hobby	Vocation
Mark Ryan	Sports	Lawyer
Laurel Salter	Reading	Bio-physicist
Patrice Thurlow	Tennis	Model
Janice Tinkham	Having fun	Teacher



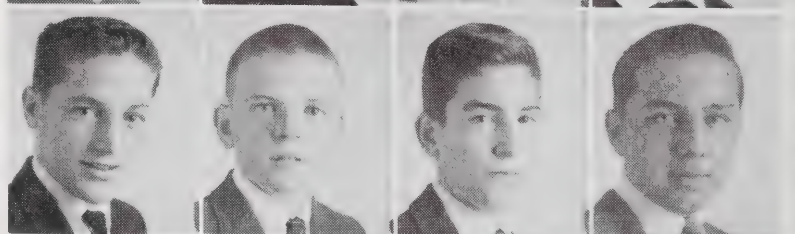
Gail Tormey	Outdoor sports	Teacher
Janet Twombly	Sports	Phys. Ed. Teacher
John Wells	Sports	Engineer
Bonnie Allen	Skiing	Fashion Illustrator



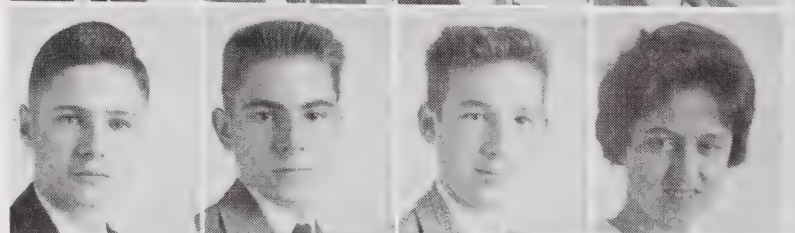
Elizabeth Borsetti	Sewing	Fashion Designer
Susan Brindle	Dancing	Author
Carolyn Brown	Records	Phy. Ed. Teacher
Judith Caverly	Sports	Air Force



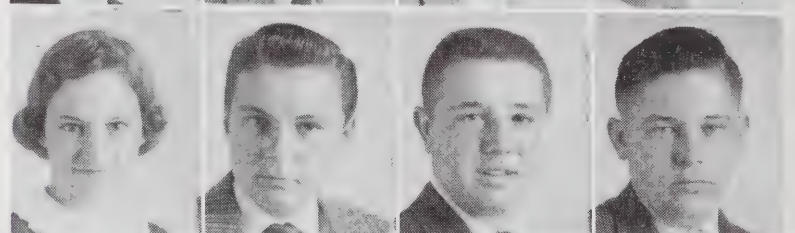
William Coletti	Sports	Dentist
Anthony Connolly	Sports	Baseball Player
John Earley	Skin diving	
Lendell Foan	Sports	Patternmaker



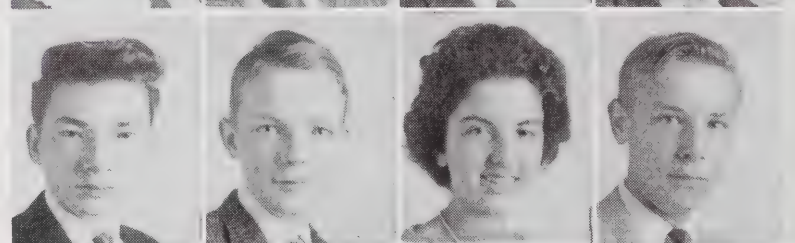
Ronald Goldsmith	Sports	Engineer
William Goodchild	Sports	Engineer
Michael Healey	Television	Electronic Tech.
Linda Jaworski	Records	Teacher



Rosemary Kearns	Reading	Nurse
Wayne LaPuglia	Swimming	Minister
David McKenna	Baseball	Teacher
John McPherson	Hockey	Electronics



George Norton	Bowling	
Robert Odom	Sports	Engineer
Michalene Patti	Reading	Journalist
Thomas Pszeny	Sports	Military Career



Patricia Raffanello	Bowling	Teacher
Gail Rochford	Records	Nurse
Roseanne Rossi	Bowling	Practical Nurse
Richard Tobin	Boxing	Phys. Ed. Teacher



Paul Zubiell	Sports	
Barbara Aho	Sports	Nurse
Laurine Balias	Baby Sitting	Model
Shirley Bradley	Swimming	Secretary





Name	Hobby	Vocation
Theresa Brooks	Sports	Phys. Ed. Teacher
Janice Connell	Sports	Commercial Artist
Pamela Connolly	Babysitting	Airline Stewardess
Ruth Conrad	Dancing	Secretary
Sharon Crampsey	Records	Beautician
Donna Durgin	Reading	Air Force
Elaine Giblin	Sports	Secretary
Meredith Giles	Swimming	Retailer
Mary Guidara	Dancing	Secretary
Patricia Jones	Dancing	Private Secretary
Judith Nyland	Talking on tel.	Airline Stewardess
Phyllis Pinciario	Bowling	Secretary
Hazel Pipetti	Listen to records	Secretary
Judith Poole	Bowling	Secretary
Sandra Pousland	Eating	Hairdresser
Rosemary Andreas	Traveling	Nun
Deland Burkhardt	Fishing	Chemist
Janice Davis	Dancing	Secretary
Gary Echmann	Basketball	Bookkeeper
Barbara Fielder	Swimming	Secretary
Barbara Gallagher	Dancing	Secretary
Thomas Gallagher	Fishing	Bookkeeper
Claudette Gasser	Dancing	Practical Nurse
Albert Lawrence	Sports	Navy
Paul L'Italien	Sleeping	Accountant
Lois MacLeod	Sports	Laboratory Tech.
Paul Marciano	Dreaming	Football Player
Cheryl McFaulds	Sports	Private Secretary
Richard Mood	Sports	Accountant
Phillip Ouellette	Skiing	Astronaut
James Reilly	Sports	Bus. Administrator
Valerie Sidell	Dancing	Private Secretary
John Sihpol	Sports	Phys. Ed. Teacher
Anita Sprague	Bowling	Stenographer

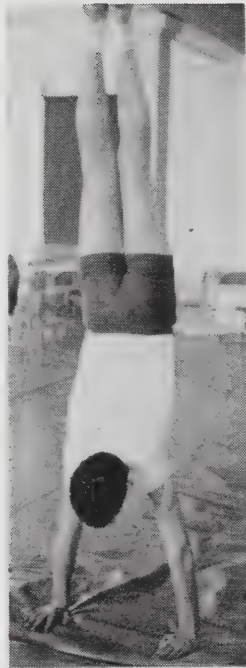
Name	Hobby	Vocation
Elizabeth Stephens	Skating	Secretary
Joanne Thomas	Skiing	Mortician
Elaine Vitale	Swimming	Secretary
William Wagner	Sports	Mechanical Engr.
Wayne Wilkins	Baseball	Baseball Player
Joan Williams	Babysitting	Actress
Richard Woodbury	Sports	Navy
Judith Woodfin	Horsebackriding	Child Welfare
Blanche Woods	Swimming	Secretary
Richard Andrews	Playing Pool	Carpenter
Donald Bailey	Hunting	Sheet Metal Worker
Victor Berube	Building	Carpenter
Kenneth Elades	Hunting	Carpenter
Richard Boucher	Sports	Machinist
Sharon Bright	Bowling	Airline Stewardess
Richard Cassola		Lobstering
Kathleen Christensen	Riding	Nurse
David Clay	Sports	Machinist
Melanie Evans	Dancing	Interior Decorator
Clyde Freeman	Exercising	State Trooper
Arthur Gainer	Baseball	Machinist
Robert Geras	Hunting	Engineer
Jack Hatfield	Fishing	Machinist
John Hurley	Drum Corps	Mortician
Robert LaScola		Mechanic
Robert Lebel	Making Models	Pattern Maker
John Lewis	Playing Pool	Pattern Maker
Edward Matton	Billiards	Machinist
Paul McRae	Model Cars	Pattern Maker
Thomas Nimblett	Basketball	Electronic Tech.
Richard Reina	Making Models	Machinist
Faye Russell	Swimming	Fashion Designer
Anthony Russo	Cards	
James Stephens	Fishing	
Ronald Stetson	Sports	Phys. Ed. Teacher
John Ventola	Boats	Electronics



(Continued on Page 45)



Chest balance



Handstand — Gene LeClair



Girls' Gym — 9-3, 9-4 Use the Trampoline



Briscoe Varsity Starting Eleven



Briscoe Varsity Squad



Headstand — Bob Crandall



Briscoe J.V.'s



Briscoe J.V.'s



Mrs. Zani and Carolyn Brown Demonstrate Swing and Dismount



Briscoe Cheerleaders

Sports

FOOTBALL

BRISCOE'S football season this year recorded three wins and three losses. The opening of the season came with a sour note for Briscoe against Gloucester. Briscoe was bombed in this early season game 14-0. The following week the Briscoe eleven seized a 14-6 victory over Salem. Again our team came home to be beaten by St. John's of Danvers by a score of 6-0. Following this defeat, Briscoe took to the road to face a newly organized team, the Pentucket Regional School Indians and won 6-0. After long sessions of practice, Briscoe could not down Peabody but was edged 14-12 in the final seconds of play. The all important Memorial game was won with Briscoe shelling the rivals 22-6.

In spite of its team's three defeats Briscoe is proud of its players because of their spirit and sportsmanlike play. Those who participated were Ron Andreas, Bill Reid, David Vitale, Vernon Cormier, John Sihpol, John Lewis, Mark Ryan, Clyde Freeman, Bill Goodchild, Dave McKenna, Lendall Foan, Bill Coletti, Greg Cotraro, Louis Bennett, Bruce Butterworth, Gary Smith and Wayne Wilkins.

VERNON CORMIER 9-2

BASKETBALL

BRISCOE boys enjoyed participating in basketball this year although they did not win a game. Briscoe lost to Gloucester 49-25 and 54-44, to St. John's 48-24 and 35-30, to Bishop Fenwick 49-35 and 48-39, and to Memorial 47-40 and 27-25. Players were Bill Reid, Mark Ryan, David Vitale, John Sihpol, Tom Gallagher, John Wells, Bill Godfrey, David McKenna, Bill Goodchild, James Reilly, David Tomeo, Bruce Butterworth, Barry Black, Jeff Conley, Scott Blake, Steve Jaffee, Joe Aucone, Richard Donahue, Arthur Tower, Gerald Darcy, Roger Young, Lee Rubinstein and Richard LaRoche. Even though Briscoe lost every game, we are proud of the boys who participated and showed the good sportsmanship which has always been a credit to Briscoe.

VERNON CORMIER 9-2

BASEBALL

AS the 1961 *Briscoe Briefs* goes to press, the Briscoe baseball season has been delayed because of rainy weather. When play starts, these players will see action: Michael Coughlin, David McKenna, Ralph Stone and Wayne Wilkins, pitchers; Bruce Butterworth and John Sihpol, catchers; John McPherson and George Copelas, first base; Mark Ryan, David Tomeo, Thomas Dean, second base; William Reid and Arthur Bell, shortstop; John Wells, Paul Marciano, Kenneth Noonan, third base; Ronald Andreas, William Coletti, David Vitale, Thomas Pszeny, Vernon Cormier, William Dean, William Wagner, Richard Donahue, Donald Ames and Thomas Gallagher, outfielders.

A PRACTICE SESSION

It was a bright and brilliant morn,
Few clouds strayed high o'er head.
The air was fresh and crisp and clear,
All traces of gloom had fled.

The sun, it traveled o'er the sky,
Its radiant beams shone down,
And all the while the boys did smile,
As it cheered the worn playground.

The first, who was a stocky lad,
Was waiting patiently
For that small white sphere they call a ball,
And he returned it gracefully.

Time after time, time after time,
The second swung with fervor;
Time after time, time after time,
It was but trial and error.

It was practice, practice all the while,
For what else was there to do?
It was practice, practice all the while
To play expertly, he knew.

The day wore on into the night,
The night with all its stars
Was soon to keep those two strong boys
From being tennis stars.

PATRICIA DECONINCK 9-3



JANICE

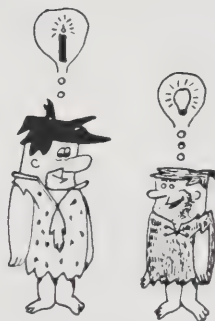


JODY



BETH

CYNTHIA COOPER 3-3



BILLY GOODCHILD

BRISCOE'S SCHOLARS FROM 'THE PAST'



ANN MAY 8-1



CYNTHIA COOPER 9-2

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME



DAVID L. MARSHALL 10-10

Humor

THE RETURN OF SQUEAKY PAUL

In last year's issue of the "Briscoe Briefs"
You found I had a mouse,
A contented soul named Squeaky Paul,
Who lived right in my house.

A lot of things have happened
That you all should know;
Paul has got a family now,
A wife Jane and a son Joe.

We also have a cat
Who does not like them at all;
He's forever chasing them about,
Right back into the wall.

I hope they'll last until next year,
And I'll tell you about them then.
So good-bye for a short while longer
From Squeaky and a friend.

BARBARA BARNETT 8-8

SAM BASS

And now there came on into town
A vicious U. P. robber,
And laden with gold, he came on in,
Another bank to clobber.

And at the rail he left his horse,
This mean man, Sam Bass.
His horse tied loose at the hitchin' rail
So he could leave town fast.

He tried to rob the Round Rock Bank
That rangers would try to save;
The rangers chased and shot him down
And gave to him a grave.

GEORGE GRAY 9-1

A SLIVER OF LIVER

Most people don't like liver,
Not even a tiny sliver.
But I don't agree
With them, you see,
Because I'm a sliver of liver.

JEANNE SUTHERLAND 7-2

ASSORTED LIMERICKS

There is an old building in Beverly
That once was constructed quite cleverly.
Though it may seem hilarious
The condition's precarious
In that cleverly built building in Beverly.

There was a *Briefs'* leader named Frances
Who kept all her classes in trances
While teaching them English
She helped them distinguish
Twixt poor guesses and very good answers.

There once was a teacher named Wayne
Whose classes all raised cain.
He looked at each clown
And yelled, "Pipe down!"
Telling bad jokes again.

In a state of excited hysteria
Diners eat in our cafeteria.
Thus each weekly noon
From September to June
Reigns all bedlam in the interior

At Briscoe, school spirit is prevalent
Midst students and teachers benevolent
When Briscoe-ites all
Answer the call
To banish all feelings malevolent.

ALICE O'GORMAN 9-1

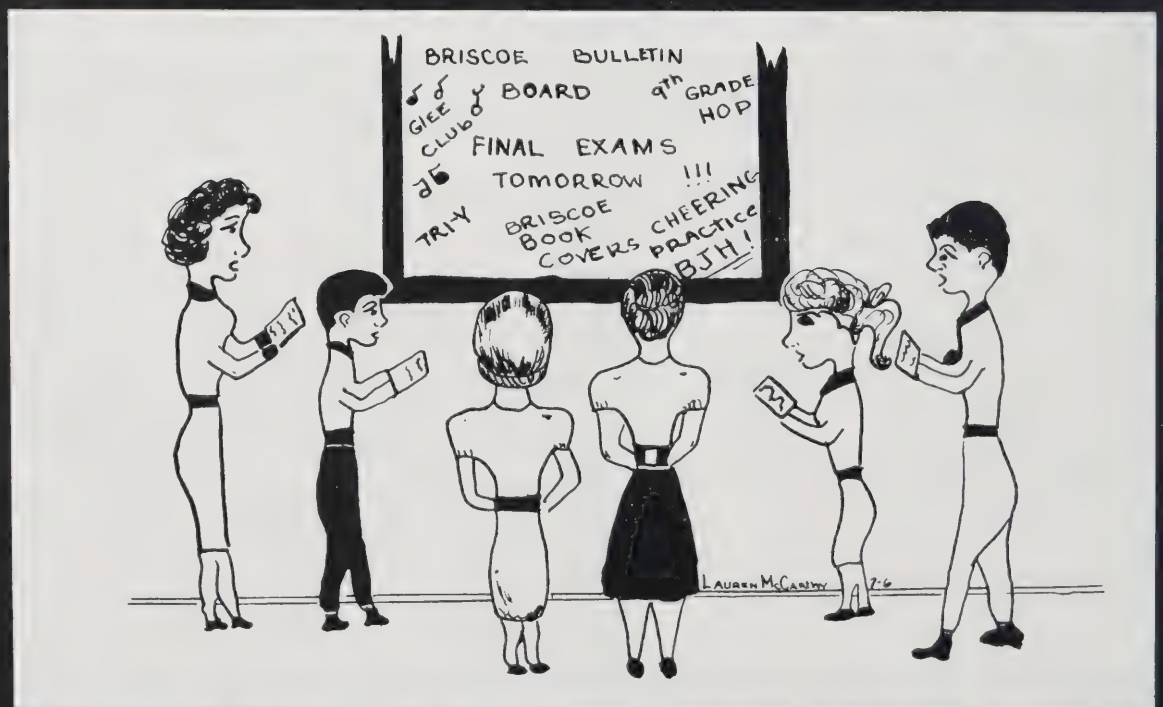
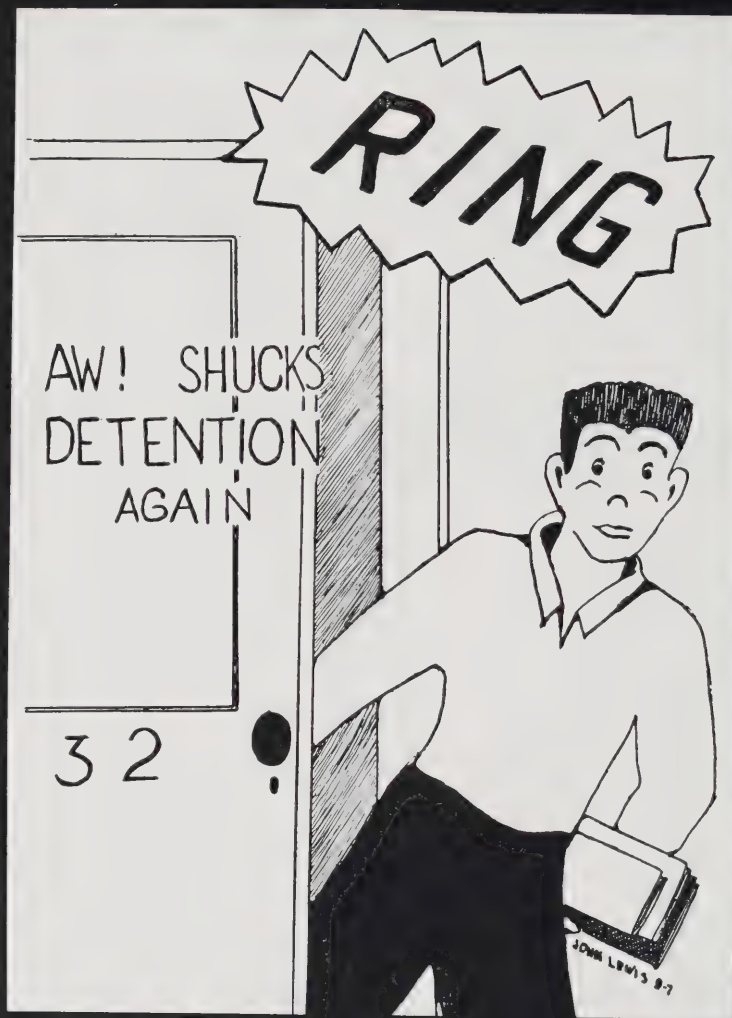
BARBARA CAGAN 9-3

A DUEL TO THE DEATH

THE swords clashed! This was a duel to the death. The two opponents faced each other, perspiration beading their faces. Their countenances were drawn and set, their tongues licked their lips. One shifted uneasily. The other, thinking this a movement of defeat, smiled somewhat maliciously.

Suddenly a cry rent the air. "Jerry and Johnny, will you please throw away those old wooden swords and come to lunch!"

PATRICIA MITCHELL 9-1



HERKY SCHWARTZ

ALL of you may know that invisible beings, gnomes, and sorcerers do not exist, but I have news for you. They do!

It all began last summer when I was enjoying one of my favorite hobbies. You see I was like any average American school boy, except for the fact that I was slightly depraved, until this fateful afternoon. It was a sunny July afternoon and I was spending it in the City Dump to see what rare and strange treasures I could find. Then I saw something, a large Mama Mia's Tomato Sauce Can, just what I needed to complete my collection. As I picked up the can, something fell out and dropped to the ground, but it was invisible. I felt around and picked this thing up in my hand; then it turned visible.

The thing said that its name was Herky. At this point I had dragged my eyeballs off of my cheeks and back into their sockets before I realized that I was gazing at a midget Beatnik. I began to wonder whether the psychologist had been right when he said that I had a weak mind and I was on the verge of insanity. Then this midget, taking a marijuana cigarette out of his pocket and lighting it up, began to talk to me. In a few minutes I had learned all about him. His full name was Herkimar Jerald Schwartz, but all his friends call him Herky. He stood about twenty-four inches high when he was visible. He had a 1957 Elvis Presley haircut, a Fidel Castro beard, a Groucho Marx mustache, and the latest styles in clothing. You may wonder what kind of a person Herky was. Well, I learned that, too. Herky was a gnome who was a Beatnik and a sorcerer, and he had the power of turning invisible at will. Herky told me that he had escaped from a fifth dimension reform school and come to our dimension to wise people up.

After hearing his story, I took Herky home to my house on the other side of the dump. When we got there, Herky immediately began to mess things up. Then Herky went down to the nearest store and bought some garish pictures to hang over his bed. Soon I had gone past the normal stages of an average American school boy, and Herky and I had set up a fine racket over on the East Side.

This should prove to you that little invisible gnomes do exist, and if you find one, don't give him a good home or he will surely get you

into trouble. I know this only too well; you see, I am now doing time at Alcatraz.

WILLIAM STANDLEY 9-1

THE LITTLE BUG

A little bug went crawling
On his merry way.
But this was very boring,
For he did it every day.

The little bug grew tired
Of not going anywhere.
Other bugs saw the world
While flying through the air.

The little bug decided
To grow a pair of wings.
If other small bugs had them,
He'd grow the gossamer things.

He rested for a minute,
Then with all his might and main
He tried to grow a pair of wings,
But, alas, it was in vain.

The little bug was sorry
For wings he could not grow.
Little ants just don't have wings,
But how was he to know?

The little bug kept walking
On his merry way.
But he did not feel happy,
No, he wasn't even gay.

He walked until his feet hurt,
And then he spied a tree.
"I'll climb that big tree," he said,
"From there the world I'll see."

Up and up and up he climbed,
For the tree was very tall.
Suddenly he thought to himself,
"What if I should fall?"

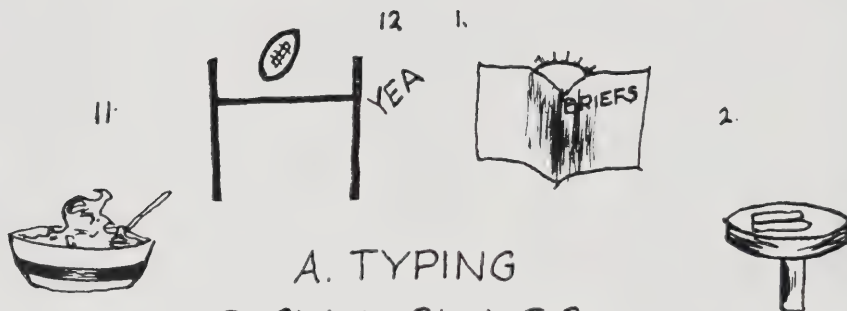
But he gathered up his courage
And climbed farther up the tree.
He was getting very near the top,
"I'll soon be there," said he.

A little bird came flying up
And landed in the tree.
He saw the little bug and thought,
"He'd taste good to me."

The little bird ate the bug.
He started with his head.
And now the story's over
For the little bug is dead.

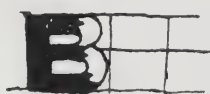
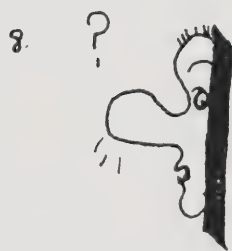
DAVID ALLEN 9-1

CAN YOU MATCH ?



- A. TYPING
B. GYM CLASS
C. GIRL'S P. A.
D. MR. RAYMOND'S SHOCKS
E. BREVITIES SCOOP HUNTER
F. MISS LEIGHTON'S ART CLASS
G. MR. SHERMAN APPROACHING
H. REPORT CARDS
I. BJH FOOTBALL TEAM
J. MR. BATTIS ENTERS
K. LUNCH
L. YOU

PAT HUBBARD 8-1



7.



6.



5.

ANSWERS

1. L 2. A 3. K 4. D 5. B 6. G 7. F 8. E 9. J 10. H 11. C 12. I

THE SAP OF THE SAPODILLA

THE sap of the sapodilla is the very life's blood of America's youth. In case I have not made myself clear, it is the veritable heart-beat of our nation. Many innocent victims suddenly find that they have become addicted to this life saver of modern society; yet only a select few actually know how to operate it to its fullest advantage. Examine yourself. Are you one of the masses shrouded in a cloud of ignorance about giving the sapodilla's sap a workout? If you are, it is vital that you take pains to remedy the situation.

Indeed, this miracle of the ages may even affect international affairs. Certainly our government could not jeopardize our relations with Latin America and thus imperil our chief supply, for the sapodilla (I say the word with reverence) produces the tough, fragrant chicle from which we obtain that most basic necessity, chewing gum. (We need you, Latin America!)

Of course, nothing reveals quite so much about another's personality as his style of clothing. One prominent type of character is the so-called "tough guy" who noisily chews the gum with just one side of his mouth. He is easily identified, for he seems to be defying the world with his jaw. In contrast is the thoughtful person. The slow motion of his teeth displays nothing if not a profound depth of personality (unless it displays absent-mindedness or utter exhaustion). However, the being who enjoys his gum to the fullest is he who pays no heed to expressions of disgust from his contemporaries. It is he, and only he, who can vigorously chomp opened-mouthed with the manners of a cow. In this way he exercises the jaw while improving the flavor by adding vast gulps of oxygen to the chicle. He is made even more conspicuous by his steady, rhythmic, machine gun-like "rat-a-tat-tat". How the vigorous chewer must suffer while in school! He must devise a way to avoid detection without relinquishing flavor. Between tiny chews he looks surreptitiously about. When in danger of being caught he must hide the gum in a convenient cavity or park it precariously on the roof of his mouth. When in dire circumstance, he swallows it.

Yes, the fine art of gum chewing has caused much turmoil in the United States. It has confused the nation with new smells and sounds and has made previously subtle human charac-

teristics startlingly obvious. It has addicted many perfectly nice people; yet we can not do without it. This whole predicament can be attributed to the sapodilla that gives the sap that produces the chicle.

BARBARA CAGAN 9-3

ANOTHER BUG

I saw another little bug
As I walked along.
My, what a happy bug he was.
He sang a little song.

He was a friendly little bug
As far as I could see.
In fact I'm almost positive,
He upped and smiled at me.

After we had walked together
For a little way,
The little bug looked up at me
And yelled, "Hey, mister, Heeeey!"

"What's the matter, bug?" I cried.
"You ought to know," said he,
"With that great big foot of yours,
You almost stepped on me."

"Why don't I carry you?" I said.
"You look so very tired."
"Now that's a good idea," said he.
"You are to be admired."

I picked the little bug up
And placed him in my hand.
"Now this is much, much better
Than crawling in the sand."

Pretty soon I met a boy.
He said, "You want to fight?"
I forgot the poor unfortunate bug,
And clenched my fist real tight.

I felt a little crunch
And thought the bug was dead.
And as I opened up my hand,
He looked at me and said,

"Don't you worry; I'm all right."
I clapped my hands in relief.
There was a great big crunch this time.
I stared in disbelief.

I opened up my now wet hand,
I looked and then I sighed.
In my hand was one big mess.
The little bug had died.

DAVID ALLEN 9-1

AN AVERAGE DAY AT BRISCOE

I AWOKE one morning early enough to prepare leisurely for school. I went downstairs where I ate a good breakfast.

I deposited my TV Guide in my mink-lined schoolbag, provided by the school department, just as the Briscoe Taxi and chauffeur drove up to the door.

When I arrived at school I walked up the red carpet to the front door where the doorman in his white gloves waited to help me on to the escalator which would take me directly to my class lounge, where coffee and doughnuts were being served.

I adjusted my foam rubber, pushbutton desk and inserted my pencil into the electric pencil sharpener which was attached.

Having completed these chores, I rang for the principal, but as I was doing so, my Princess telephone rang.

It was the Briscoe Beauty Parlor, informing me that it was time for my daily manicure, also provided by the school department.

Refreshed from my manicure, I took the nearest elevator to English Class. Here, Miss Trowt instructed us in the use of "TV Guide", which was our English literature book. She offered to do our homework for us again and we reluctantly accepted.

Ten minutes later, when class was over, I rode on the elevator to math class. We took out our automatic adding machines and began to work. Following math, we had our mid-morning break, when we were allowed to get a drink from the bubblers. Many of us were dismayed to find that the root beer bubbler was out of order, but good-naturedly settled for a coke or orange-soda.

We then proceeded to chemistry class where we were taught the formulas for making ice cream sodas. Although we were out of nuts, the "experiments" were a success.

In French class, Miss Larcom was absent. Brigitte Bardot substituted for her again.

Bored by the classes of the morning, we were glad to go to lunch. Our happiness was dulled when we found that we were having pheasant under glass for the second time in a week!

Mr. Mini interrupted the hi-fi system to announce that it was time for us to relax before returning to our classes. We all lay back in

our adjustable lounge chairs and took a quick nap.

Our next class was gym. We changed into our party dresses and danced with the boys under the supervision of Elvis Presley.

From there we — Oh, excuse me, but the men in the white coats are here for me!!

REBBIE CARLMAN 9-2

WHAT IF?

1. Mr. Raymond's experiments worked!
2. Miss Leadbetter didn't give homework
3. Mrs. Fawver didn't collect notes
4. C.C. hadn't met K.P.
5. Beth didn't like boys
6. B.A. didn't wear black
7. Kathy forgot how to flirt
8. P.D. gave us her homework
9. G.M. was allergic to wool
10. J.C. didn't have the boys on her side
11. Warning cards weren't given out
12. Cheryl didn't babysit on February 19
13. The boys danced at Briscoe record hops
14. D.D. didn't play the drums
15. There was a boy in 9-5
16. Billy didn't come from "Philly"
17. Miss Larcom didn't give tests
18. Elaine wasn't called mousey
19. Carolyn couldn't cheer
20. L.S. didn't like science
21. D.H. didn't have a nose
22. B.P. could ride a horse
23. Sherry wasn't cute
24. Jody wasn't called Joe D.
25. B.G. liked French
26. Mr. Battis was short
27. There weren't assemblies
28. Mr. Smith was short
29. D.V. liked girls
30. Barb M. got all A's
31. Pat T. didn't like rumble seats
32. B.C. got his license
33. Briscoe wasn't falling apart
34. Cove "kids" couldn't play tennis
35. Linda couldn't get the boys
36. Jody wasn't a flirt
37. M.K. was fat
38. Nancy wasn't shy
39. John L. weighed 140
40. Greg wasn't a blond Italian
41. Mike didn't like to eat
42. There wasn't a "Goodwins"
43. L. didn't compete with P.M.

THE 9-3 GIRLS

FEATURES

(Continued from Page 12)

MY VOYAGE TO AMERICA

MY mother and I were excited as we boarded the huge ocean liner, "Saturnia". This large vessel was to carry us to America where my father would be awaiting our arrival. Though only seven years old at the time, I will always remember crossing the ocean from Italy to America.

My mother and I shared a large room with two comfortable beds, modern furniture and our own bathroom. We enjoyed all our meals with the other passengers in a beautiful dining room, which as I look back now, reminds me of an ultra-modern restaurant. There were small shops where many articles and gifts were sold. I remember accompanying Mother on visits to a beautiful chapel. The ship resembled a small town.

For fourteen days we traveled through the waters of the Atlantic. The ocean remained unbroken except for the fish following our ship's path. On the fifteenth day we saw the Statue of Liberty. All the new-comers to America rushed to the rail to see the famous statue.

There on the dock my father waited with open arms for my mother and me. After being separated for two long years, we were at last reunited for always. Though I still long to return to my native country for a visit, my first journey to America will always stand out as one of the happiest events of my life.

ELIANA MATTICOLA 7-3

MODEL RAILROADING

MODEL railroading provides a wonderful hobby for both young and old. The modeler can go into any phase of railroading he wants. He may collect anything from lumbering freights to streamlined passenger trains.

With the flick of a switch, the model railroader's layout becomes alive with steam or diesel engines. Lumber mills, operating coal bins, and many other accessories may be purchased. Special cars such as fire, maintenance, and clearance cars are made. Locomotives and cars come in kits for the modeler who wants to build his own and save money.

Reproducing natural looking scenery is one of the most important and yet difficult parts of model railroading. Without good scenery, the layout looks dull and lifeless. With much hard work and patience the modeler can produce anything from Swiss Alps to the Sahara Desert.

Model railroading is a hobby that can suit anybody's taste, space requirements, and pocket-book.

STEPHEN O'GORMAN 7-1

BRISCOE FOR ME

(With Apologies to Henry Van Dyke)

'Tis fine to visit new schools and travel up and down

Along the shiny corridors with new things all around,

To admire the polished new desks and all the learning tools,

But now I think I've had enough of all these modern schools.

So it's home again, home again, to Briscoe I'll return,

My heart is turning Briscoe-ward, it's there I want to learn,

In a school that's filled with pupils, who do obey the rules,

In a junior high that stands among the very finest schools.

JANE CHISHOLM 7-3

GRADUATES

(Continued from Page 35)

Michael Coughlin	Sports	Business Man
Sandra Szelest	Dancing	Secretary
Judith Young	Dancing	Secretary
Paul Freeman	Making Models	Auto Body Work
Robert White	Football	Marine Corps
Ralph Napolitano	Making Models	C.P.A.

STUDENT COUNCIL

(Continued from Page 5)

JoAnn Fuller, 32; William Goodchild, 33; Boyd Travsky, 35; Mark Ryan, 36, vice-president; Ronald Andreas, 37; Kathleen Guidi, 104; Rose Garnos, 201; Peter Haydon, 202; David Dinnerman, 203; Judith Freedland, 302; Michael Hankin, 303; Lendell Foan, Shop.

ALAN STORTSTROM 9-2

Autographs

Autographs

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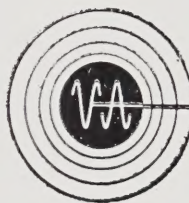
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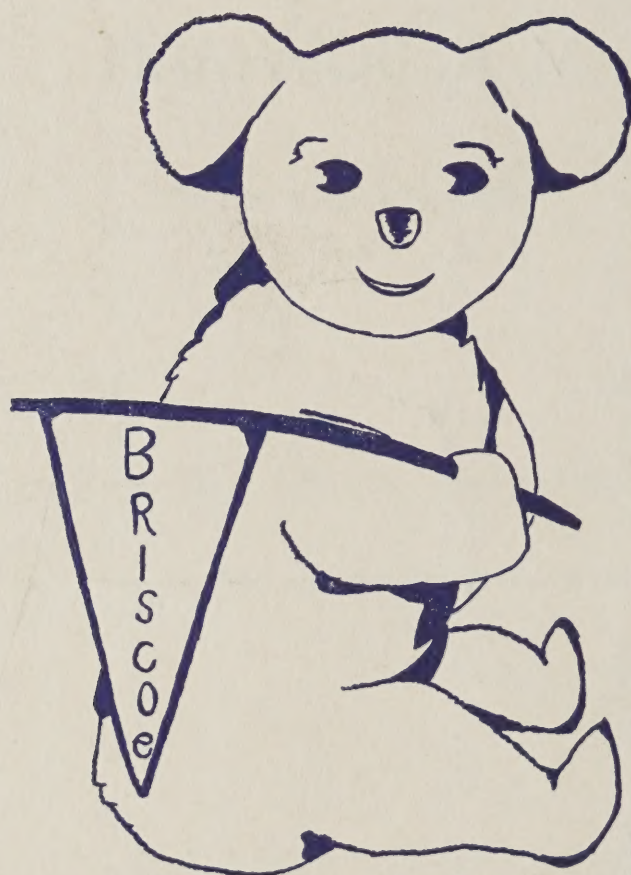
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